

# The Nation

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE	
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	811	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		
The Liquidation of Mr. Lloyd George ...	814	
The New Power in the World ...	815	
BLOWING THE GAP ON THE LANDLORDS. By Sir Sydney Olivier ...		816
A LONDON DIARY. By A Wayfarer ...		817
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		819
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. By Donald Grant, L. A. Fanous, Michael Holroyd, D. M. Mason, Edward G. Smith, and Muriel G. E. Harris ...		820
POETRY:—		821
Our Sussex Downs. By W. H. Davies ...		821
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Our City Editor ...		822

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## Events of the Week.

THE vicissitudes in the Near Eastern crisis during the last seven days have been many and violent. That is inevitable when so reckless a gambler as the Prime Minister takes charge of the game. On Saturday evening the sky was comparatively clear, and the only road by which the British Government could extricate itself with a minimum amount of discredit from the disaster of its own making was perfectly obvious and still open. France and Italy were in agreement. They were ready to notify the victorious Kemalists that the Allies insisted upon the observance of the neutral zones and the principle of the freedom of the Straits. In other words, the three Powers had virtually proclaimed their common intention of maintaining the *status quo* in Constantinople, the Straits, and Thrace pending the meeting of a conference for a permanent settlement of the whole Near Eastern question. Considering the close relations between France and the Turks, and the complete collapse of Mr. George's schemes, this was a far more favorable situation than the British Cabinet had any right to expect. So long as France took up this attitude, the Turks had nothing to gain and everything to lose by defying the Allies. To avoid violent action and to work in close co-operation with France and Italy for the maintenance of the *status quo* and the early opening of negotiations was the only possible method of saving anything from the ruin.

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ON Monday morning an astonished world learnt from a "semi-official" statement of British policy that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill were summoning Britain, the Dominions, France, Italy, Roumania, Jugo-Slavia, and Greece to a Holy War against the Turk in defence of Constantinople and the Straits. Telegrams to the Dominions asking for contingents had already been dispatched, and orders had already been given for the movement of British troops and ships. Everything in this document seemed to be deliberately calculated to alienate France and Italy. That was its immediate effect. The mere fact that the Greeks were to be included among the defenders of the Straits and Constantinople, made it certain that neither of these Powers would have anything to do with the proposals, for, if they did, they would in effect be intervening in the Greek-Turkish war on the side of the Greeks. The

appeal to the two countries of the Little Entente was also a backhanded hit at France, for as between her two *protégés*, the Turks and the Little Entente, France may be in a rather delicate position when the question of Eastern Thrace comes up for discussion. Thus, at the very moment when it was essential to encourage France in the disposition which she had shown to work in accord with us in the crisis, everything was done to throw her into the arms of the Turks. The step seems to have been taken without the knowledge of the Foreign Office, and without consultation of the Cabinet after a meeting of "some Ministers." The public, with the marks of Mr. Churchill's hand on the manifesto, were asked, in a "semi-official" apology, to regard the whole thing as a "secretarial mistake." Characteristically, this defence was recalled later on.

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THE results of foreign policy conducted by "secretarial mistakes" were at once obvious. The answer of France and Italy to the appeal to send troops to the Bosphorus was the withdrawal of their contingents from Chanak, where we now remain alone, confronting the Turks. The tone of the French and Italian Press showed the extent of the injury which had been done to the favorable position which existed on the Saturday. Fortunately, it had already become obvious by Monday afternoon that there was no inclination in this country to allow Mr. George and Mr. Churchill to embark on a second Gallipoli adventure. The Holy War had not "caught on," and by Tuesday little flights of doves could be observed issuing from the Secretariat at Downing Street. One of them, Viscount Curzon, the Foreign Secretary, was dispatched to Paris to discuss the situation with M. Poincaré. That the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs should be allowed temporarily to interfere in foreign affairs seemed to be an encouraging sign. Presumably his mission was to explain away the semi-official statement and to arrange for the conference with the Turks which will give effect to the inter-Allied agreement of March 26th. By that agreement the British Government has already pledged itself to hand over Constantinople and the Straits to the Turks, subject to the illusive guarantee of freedom of navigation by an International Commission. The Turks are, in fact, already assured of everything which they want except their reappearance in Europe at Adrianople. After Mr. George's disastrous policy, it seems very doubtful whether even Lord Curzon will be able to prevent their return.

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LITTLE has been heard during the week of the Turks themselves. On the diplomatic side, such statements as have been issued indicate that, as one would expect, they stand by their original demands for Constantinople, the Straits, and Adrianople. But they can have no desire to fight even the British Empire for what they are practically assured of getting without a fight. They are even prepared to give a paper guarantee of the freedom of the Straits. According to one report, they demand that the Russian Government be admitted to the conference, a demand which may cause some perturbation in Paris. According to another, an American source, they threaten an attack on the Straits and a landing in Thrace. The fact is that for the moment they naturally have their hands full in finishing off the operations in Asia Minor. There the last remnants of

the Greek armies are being captured or driven into the sea. Smyrna has been burnt amid the most horrible scenes of massacre, misery, and famine. The responsibility for the destruction of this city is placed by our papers upon the Turks, by the French Press upon the Greeks. An unprejudiced observer would probably conclude that while the Turks behaved as they usually behave when their armies are victorious, the moral responsibility must be shared among the Turks, the Greeks, and the British Government.

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As for public opinion here, we know of no occasion in which, on a critical and dangerous issue suddenly raised, it formed itself more decisively against a British Government. Out-and-out support was from the beginning confined to the negligible Georgian Press. A note of passionate resistance was sounded in Lord Rothermere's Sunday paper, and the next day the "Mail" and the "Evening News" placarded London with appeals to "Stop the New War." For once the "Times" and the "Morning Post" joined hands, and only slackened their opposition in deference to the British tradition of giving the Executive a hand through a difficult pass. Lord Grey also made this one reserve in a quietly severe castigation of the "terrible mistake" of "separate action." The parties, so far as Mr. George's wreckage has left them standing, were equally hostile. The Labor Party started out at once on a "not a man, not a gun" campaign; while Conservatives and specialists of the type of Sir Valentine Chirol dealt unsparingly with Mr. George's bad faith and incapacity. One can only hope that this last *gaffe* will encourage the political chiefs of all types to unite in an effort to be rid of him.

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THE American attitude has been made perfectly clear by President Harding. The United States will send no more warships to the Dardanelles, or troops to Gallipoli or Asia Minor. If there is war, it must be Europe's war. The representatives of America will be concerned only with three things—the assertion of specific American rights; the protection of American institutions, such as the missions and colleges; and the relief of suffering. In Congress two proposals have been submitted: one that the American Government should issue a protest against the Turks, the other that President Harding should offer mediation. Both were negatived. The American Press, meanwhile, is a vivid reflection of a popular mind in confusion. There is universal condemnation of the rival imperialisms and militant nationalism of the old-world Governments. There is a very general agreement that the Turk ought to be kept out of Europe. But there is also an absolute resolve that the United States must keep out of the "hell-broth of the Near East," while, at the same time, the Hearst Press joins with papers like the "New York Times" in demanding a Rooseveltian insistence upon American rights. How many educated Americans, we wonder, understand how the United States stands in the Near East, and could explain the position of Admiral Bristol, their High Commissioner?

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THE Reparation crisis after some alarms appears to have been settled once more for the moment. After the break-down of the German-Belgian negotiations for a guarantee of the six-months bonds, Belgium notified Germany that she would require the immediate deposit of gold necessary to guarantee the instalments which fell due on August 15th and September 15th. This demand was the signal for a renewal of the threatening attitude of the French Press. The view was taken that, unless the deposit were made, Belgium would notify the

Reparation Commission, the Commission would formally declare Germany's default, and the way would be open again for "sanctions." "Le Temps" even went so far as to argue that, since the German-Belgian negotiations had broken down, there could be no return to the compromise of the six-months notes. Meanwhile, Herr Havenstein of the Reichsbank visited London and the Bank of England, and he informed the German Government on his return that the Reichsbank was now prepared to guarantee the six-months bonds which will fall due on February 15th and June 15th, 1923. The bonds will be discounted in England, Holland, or Switzerland. The Belgian Government was officially informed of the arrangement, and as it conforms to the Belgian proposals made in Berlin, the crisis was over.

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THE League has at least one question of primary importance before it at Geneva—disarmament. One must be of sanguine temperament even to hope that the League, as at present minded and constituted, can take a large, practical step towards disarmament, but its handling and discussion of this question is worth careful study, for it reveals the mind and intentions of existing Governments. The Third Commission, set up by the Assembly, has been considering Lord Robert Cecil's proposals. The discussion has turned mainly upon the proposal for a general Pact of Guarantee by which all States would pledge themselves to defend any State attacked by another. The debate has resolved itself into a dialectical duel between Lord Robert and the French representative, M. de Jouvenel, but behind the dialectics lie some pretty stern realities. Lord Robert intended that disarmament and the guarantee should be simultaneous. M. de Jouvenel wants the guarantee to precede the disarmament. He also proposes that the guarantee shall be constructed by steps, *i.e.*, that pacts on the model of the proposed Anglo-French Pact shall be encouraged as steps on the road to the millennium. Thus the League is asked to give its approval to the most dangerous policy of armaments and armed "defensive" alliances, and to call it peace and disarmament. The correspondents report a compromise between the view of Lord Robert and of the French, but on the fundamental question a "compromise," either by Lord Robert or by the League, would only be another word for failure.

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A STILL more important event of the Geneva meeting is that at Lord Robert's initiative M. de Jouvenel has drawn up a motion in favor of referring the question of indemnities and inter-Allied debts to the decision of the League. Our correspondent in Geneva reports Lord Robert's opinion that this marks the greatest development in the history of the League, and the largest gain to its usefulness. We agree. Indemnities come before even disarmament; they are the thorn in the flesh which gives Europe no peace. The French have of late shown an unwonted readiness to resort to the League, and M. de Jouvenel's action is the fruit of their change of policy or method.

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THE Turkish trouble aggravates the bad situation in Egypt, where, ironically enough, our position rests more on the Turkish Pashas than the Egyptian people, the only proper foundation of government. It is clear that the agitation for the return of Zaghloul is serious, and must be satisfied. He is an old man, in delicate health, and the policy of cutting him apart from his friends and marooning him in Gibraltar is not a whit less popular or less hard than the earlier exile in the Seychelles. On this, Youssef Bey and Mr. Fanous, both

representative Egyptians of different schools, entirely agree. Meanwhile, a purely military rule, without even civil assessors, goes on, and politicians are sentenced to death or flung into prison, and there treated as criminals for criticizing not merely the Government (*i.e.*, the British), but the merely nominated Ministry of Sarwat. How can this be defended? We are supposed to have withdrawn and cancelled the Protectorate, and acknowledged the Egyptian claim to freedom. And to-day we are governing Egypt like a revolted Crown Colony, without even the skilled civism of a Cromer or a Milner.

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A WEEK or so ago the negotiations between Japan and the Far Eastern Republic broke down once more. The Japanese Government has now issued new instructions to its delegate and negotiations are being renewed. The matter is of very considerable importance, for, if the interminable "question" between Japan and the Chita Government could at last be settled, a beginning might be made towards restoring tranquillity in the Far East. The problem ought not to be difficult of solution, for it consists in getting the Japanese militarists out of the Maritime Province of Siberia and also out of Sakhalin without their losing "face." Public opinion, in so far as it exists in Japan, has for long been absolutely opposed to the Siberian adventure. The interminable conference between Japan and Chita at Dairen, which dragged on all through the early part of this year, broke down at last because the militarists would not allow the then Japanese Government to withdraw. The militarist party has now apparently changed its mind; it has one of its own men at the head of the Government, and Admiral Kato has definitely announced the withdrawal from Siberia by the end of October, and from Sakhalin when an agreement has been reached with the Chita Government over the settlement of Japan's claims in the Nikolaevsk affair. When negotiations were recently reopened at Changchun, the way to a settlement seemed open. Two difficulties, however, arose owing to the desire of the Soviet Government to have a full share in the negotiations. Finally Japan has consented to say that "if an amicable settlement is made with the Far Eastern Republic, this will become the preliminary to an agreement with Soviet Russia."

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THROUGH a sudden turn in the situation the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Bill has been passed, and probably the doom of the Republican Party settled. The Committee of the two Houses came to an agreement on the schedules without difficulty, but a week ago it was being predicted that a Republican revolt would have the effect of sending the Bill to the electorate. The interests have now won, and the Act comes into operation immediately. The average *ad valorem* rates are slightly higher than those of the pre-Wilson tariff; but the new high-tariff school insists upon the American valuation, which, it is estimated, may mean an increase of 100 per cent. But the President is empowered to raise or lower rates to the extent of 50 per cent.—this marvellous provision being the latest invention for securing a flexible tariff. The Harding Administration and the Republican Party now face the election hampered by a two-fold legislative achievement: a medieval tariff law and a Soldiers' Bonus Bill, which the President has vetoed because it enacts a huge donation without providing the funds.

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ON Monday, the Dáil entered on a discussion of the draft constitution. President Cosgrave, in moving for leave to introduce a Bill to enact the constitution, said that certain parts were regarded by the Government as

vital, because they related either to the Treaty or to promises given by Mr. Griffith to the Unionists. His motion was passed without a division, but there was some criticism of his statement and of the course the Government had adopted. Dr. McCartan, who voted for the Treaty in the last Dáil because, though a Republican, he preferred the Treaty to chaos, maintained that it was an insult to the Dáil to be asked to debate a constitution unless it was absolutely free to do what it liked with any part of it. Mr. Johnson argued that the Treaty was the best Ireland could get, but that the constitution was not as good as the Treaty. He suggested that the Dáil should affirm its adherence to the Treaty, and then leave the constitution for later consideration: after all, Great Britain had no written constitution, and he did not think the Treaty stipulated for a written constitution in Ireland. To this Mr. Blythe replied that the Law advisers held that under Article 17 Ireland had to arrange her constitution before December, or the Treaty would lapse.

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WITH a view to safeguarding Ireland's rights, Mr. Johnson moved on Tuesday a resolution to the effect that the Dáil recognized no limitation of its powers to make laws for the peace, order, and good government of Ireland except those contained in Clause 1 of the Treaty. Professor MacNeill moved the addition of the words "and such limitations as are imposed on this Dáil by the duty of giving effect with the least possible delay to the said Treaty in compliance with the will of the people." The motion was passed in this significant form. The impression left by reading the debates is that the new Dáil is very unlike the last in that it has a grasp of realities, and is very much on its guard against the danger of increasing the confusion of Irish politics. Mr. O'Higgins made a good impression by his handling of the debate. Mr. Darrell Figgis made a remark which is true in itself, and of which his audience seemed to recognize both its truth and its pertinence. He said that the constitution would have been better and less objectionable in form if there had been peace in Ireland instead of war between the supporters and opponents of the Treaty. This is a serious handicap. The wise man will do the best he can under the circumstances, and remember that if the Imperial Government seeks to encroach on the strength of any form of words in the constitution, Ireland can appeal to the other Dominions or, as we believe, to the League of Nations. For though the Irish Government has decided not to apply at once for admission to the League of Nations, there is no doubt that the door is open when it wishes to enter.

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THE Post Office strike continues with less active disorder than was feared, though, of course, with grave consequences to the public convenience. The men hold that the Government have acted on a report on the cost of living which is not authoritative: the Government that the men, who are demanding better terms than they would have got under the British settlement, are seeking to profit by the Government's difficulties. The quarrel is not creditable either to the public spirit of the Post Office servants or to the tact and temper of the responsible Minister. The general tale of ambushes and assassinations continues. In Ulster there has been a recrudescence of murder; but it is significant that some of the Unionist papers speak of it with a severity of tone and a sense of responsibility for the conduct of their Government which are a welcome change. The barefaced Act for depriving the Catholic minority of the protection of the right to Proportional Representation established by the British Parliament has received the Royal Assent.

## Politics and Affairs.

### THE LIQUIDATION OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

THERE is a word which writers in the Russian Press and the Soviet statesmen are perpetually using, and which we command to the Prime Minister when he has to make his first speech in defence of his Near Eastern policy. The Russian statesman, whenever things have "got into a hopeless mess," either through his own mistakes or the crimes of his enemies or the malignity with which Providence appears to pursue our unfortunate generation, bravely announces his intention of "liquidating" the matter. Russia has already in five years liquidated several wars, a monarchy, the Capitalist system, Communism, intervention, complete industrial and economic collapse, and an appalling famine. Mr. George's list of "messes" may not be quite so long or so large, but it is growing and growing. He now has to liquidate the mess in Asia Minor, and instead of doing so in the Russian method—which is to mop it up, throw away the broken pieces, and trust that it will soon be forgotten in the next catastrophe—he seems to be bent upon smashing up everything at once.

The Prime Minister cannot blame either Providence or his enemies for the hopeless situation which confronts him and this country in the Near East. *He and he alone is responsible for it.* Three years ago it would not have been impossible to make a comparatively reasonable and stable settlement with Turkey, a peace which would have given to the Turks the position in Constantinople and the territory in Asia Minor to which they have a just claim, would have safeguarded the Straits, and would have assured freedom and "self-determination" to Armenians, Syrians, and Arabs. But from the first the Prime Minister and the ragged clique which surrounds him and has taken all control of policy out of the hands of the Foreign Office, began to pursue, openly in the Treaty of Sèvres and covertly in Constantinople and Athens, a stupid and a dangerous policy. What the ultimate aims in this amateur "Realpolitik" actually were, only Mr. George and his friends can say. The main idea seems to have been the establishment of a vague British protectorate or "sphere of influence," with its centre at Constantinople, based ultimately upon a British Admiral and British warships, and, if necessary, upon Greek bayonets. A puppet Sultan under the guns of our ships, the bolstering up of Greek claims to Smyrna, the British naval and military régime established in Constantinople, the refusal to deal honestly or openly with Angora, the juggling with mandates, and the betrayal of all our promises and professions to the Armenians, were all parts of this policy.

Even up to this point, that is to say up to last year, Mr. George's schemes had produced an immense amount of evil, though no irrevocably fatal step had been taken. He had succeeded in consolidating Turkish national feeling and the nucleus of a Turkish army against us in Asia Minor; by his proceedings in Constantinople he had alienated not only the French, but also the Italians; he had missed every opportunity of making a fair settlement with the Angora Government, and had, thereby, contrived to keep the whole Moslem world from India to Constantinople in a ferment; by the dishonest opportunism of his methods he had made us distrusted by every nation and people concerned in the Near Eastern question, except the Greeks. And all this for ends that can hardly be stated in intelligible language, so vague and silly are they, compounded of geographical and historical ignorance and the undigested promptings

and suggestions of ambitious politicians and of interested parties, persons with all kinds of separate axes to grind.

Then came the crowning stroke of this cardboard Bismarckianism. Having welded a Turkish army together against him in Angora, and having no army of his own or of the Allies which he could possibly induce to march against it, he incited the Greeks to undertake its annihilation. We shall, of course, be told that nothing of the sort was ever done, that no agreement was made, and that there is not a line or a word in writing. There never is in Mr. George's underworld of "policy," business, and diplomacy. A wink, a nod, or the half-sentence of some emissary from Downing Street is quite sufficient to start some elaborate political intrigue, to betray an inconvenient principle or promise, or to send an army half-way across Asia Minor. We know, at any rate, that France and Italy were definitely opposed at least to the later developments of the Greek adventure, that the Greeks would and could never have attempted it against the wishes of our Government, and that from the first it was openly, and without contradiction, stated that it had Mr. George's active approval. We have only to read the speech of the fourth of August to see that in this respect the world did Mr. George no injustice.

The Greek army moved into what Mr. George had once thought were the "Turkish homelands." We always mistrust *ex post facto* judgments on military operations. The Greek army might have been successful and the Turkish army badly beaten. We admit this, and also that at one time it was probably touch and go between the two sides on the field of battle. But even if the Greeks, as the spearhead of Britain on the plains of Troy, had been successful, the mess would have been just as great, though different in its composition. As it was, the Greeks were beaten and Mr. George's gamble failed. The Greek army was driven into the sea, Smyrna was in flames, and the Turks once more back in their homelands.

Such was the position at the end of last week, and then we had an exhibition which really showed the quality of Mr. George's statesmanship. Greece, the instrument of his grandiose and fantastic schemes, had broken in his hand, and had incidentally been betrayed and ruined by him. We were without a friend in the Near East, with France openly hostile to us and on the side of the Turks, and Italy aloof and suspicious. The moment had, in fact, come when it was imperative to "liquidate" the Near Eastern policy, to pick up the broken pieces, and hope that something else would happen to make people forget all about it. As a matter of fact there were only two pieces, Thrace and the Straits, which were capable of being picked up at all. There was one, and only one, course by which Mr. George could extricate himself without further disaster, and that was by acting closely with France and Italy. And, with his gambler's luck, he still held one card which he could play. On March 26th the Allies had agreed upon a common policy with regard to Constantinople, the Straits, and Eastern Thrace. Constantinople was to be given back to the Turks and the Allied troops withdrawn, the freedom of the Straits entrusted to an "International Commission," and the Turks were to be allowed a frontier in Thrace which ran from Ganos on the Sea of Marmora to just south of Kirk-Kilisseh.

It will be observed that Mr. George, with characteristic opportunism and double dealing, had already sold the pass with his right hand which he was defending with his left. The Turks were to be back in Constantinople, Allied troops withdrawn, and the freedom of the Straits "guaranteed" by a nebulous Commission; a "rectification of frontier" was to be made which would give the Turk once more a foothold in Europe.

All this, we dare say, was inevitable in March, 1922, though it was not the settlement which ought to have been obtained and which could have been obtained two years earlier. But it had this immediate advantage, that the Turks, by keeping quiet, would get all they wanted; they were assured of Constantinople and of the Straits, and, if they waited for a conference, they might, with the aid of France, get a further "rectification" of frontier which would give them Adrianople. Moreover, France and Italy, as they quickly showed, were quite willing to join Britain in a diplomatic insistence upon the maintenance of the freedom of the Straits and of the neutral zones, until the whole mess could be "liquidated" at a conference on the lines of the March agreement.

And then Mr. George proceeded to put the fool's cap on his crowning folly of the Greek advance. Without consulting France or Italy, or apparently his own Cabinet or the Foreign Office, he issued his flaming manifesto calling upon the uninformed Dominions, upon his reluctant and hostile Allies, upon the defeated and distracted Greeks, upon the countries of the Little Entente, to send ships and armies to defend the Straits and Constantinople (which he had already agreed to give up) from the Turkish armies (which had nothing to gain by attacking them). The people of Great Britain and of the Dominions were summoned to a new war in order to defend "British interests," the only British interests which the Prime Minister had not himself either destroyed or given away being, so far as we can see, the city of Adrianople. And, in order to make it absolutely certain that Britain would have no allies in this new war except her own Dominions, France and Italy were expressly asked to join the defeated Greek army in the defence of Constantinople.

To seek for any rational aim or object in this antic would be a waste of time. In the manifesto itself, while the hand is the hand of Mr. George, the voice is the voice of Mr. Churchill. Apparently, there are not enough graves on Gallipoli. Probably some vague gambler's idea agitated the mind of the political underworld that it is good policy, when you have lost, to double the stakes; or perhaps it was the old trick of the politician to hide the tracks of one's own follies by raising blind war-passions. The trick has not worked. Mr. George and Mr. Churchill will have to liquidate the Near Eastern mess after all—in the Russian fashion. But the sound of this useful word suggests a question which it is for the House of Commons and the electorate to consider. The policy of ignorance, vacillation, and bad faith which Mr. George and his clique have been allowed to pursue in international affairs during the last three years produces a series of messes which, one after the other, they and the unfortunate country have to "liquidate." It is quite clear that the Prime Minister, if he is allowed to go on much longer, will end by liquidating the British Empire. Is it not time that the House of Commons, the electorate, or both, liquidated Mr. Lloyd George?

reactionaries won their point on the composition of the Assembly and it was left to the Governments of the several nations to nominate the delegates. For clearly the League, in the hands of the Governments, might become, not a check on dangerous ambitions, but a positive aid to them.

Take, for example, the principle of the mandate. At first sight it looked as if mankind had taken a real step forward when the Allied Powers agreed that the colonies and possessions that passed from the defeated Powers should not be recognized as private property. The spectacle of a trustee Power reporting on its conduct to a supervising League of Nations, responsible before a judicial authority for the maintenance of certain principles of public importance, suggested a revolution in the relations of the European or directing Powers to races or peoples of inferior political capacity or experience. But if the League merely reflected the will of the most powerful mandatory Governments, this device might actually make misgovernment and extortion easier and safer to those who practised them. And it soon became evident that, in fact, the arrangement was not going to effect the world revolution that had been expected of it. We can see that the League has been unable or unwilling to act in the spirit of this reform if we look at the cases of Syria, of Mesopotamia, or of Nauru. We have yet to see how far it can make its influence felt in the case of the scandal in South-West Africa, where the agents of the Union Government made what was, if we are to judge from their own statements, an unprovoked and brutal attack on a weak tribe of Kaffirs. Strong representations have been made to General Smuts, and as he was one of the authors of the mandate system, we may expect him to listen to them and to widen the scope of the inquiry he promised. We urged in these columns at the time that the mandate system was likely to break down in practice unless the Allied Governments were ready to go a step further and to make the League itself the mandatory authority. For if two or three Governments are interested, as mandatory Powers, in keeping the League as much like a shadow as possible, the control exercised by this body must necessarily be weak and ineffective. A mandatory Power will thus differ little from a possessing Power of the old kind.

So much must be admitted by all who have watched the League in action, and if anyone likes to stress these melancholy conclusions, he will not find much in the proceedings at Geneva this month to abash him. And yet we think that a closer study of the situation encourages a more hopeful spirit. Human nature has a way of breaking through barriers, and if the League machinery seemed suited to the bad and reactionary elements, it may yet prove, in some cases, the instrument of the good and progressive elements in human nature. This is happening in two ways. In the first place, it is something to have an international organization served by men of talent and experience from all countries. Such an organization is a school in international virtue. When you throw together the politicians of different countries you are, too often, bringing into co-operation of a kind men who are thinking of the points on which they disagree. M. Poincaré has his eyes on his political position in France; Mr. Lloyd George has his eyes on his political position in England. Their efforts, distracted this way, suffer further from the shameless modern method of propaganda: they have to think, not only of the domestic effect of their decisions, but of the light in which those decisions are to be presented if they are to produce the desired reaction. But when you throw together men from different countries who are not thinking of political capital, the task to which they are set soon overshadows

#### THE NEW POWER IN THE WORLD.

It has always been only too easy to find reasons for pitching low one's hopes of the League of Nations. From the first it exhibited in its structure and all its arrangements the concessions that had been made by the forward-looking men, who wanted it to be everything, to the reactionaries, who wanted it to be nothing. It was felt by those who watched its feverish construction at the Crillon in the spring of 1919, that the League had been fatally weakened as an international Power when the

everything else in their eyes. A man whose self-respect is involved in the success with which a common task is achieved has a very different standard from the standard of a politician who merely wants to do the popular or the plausible thing at the moment. The contrast was apparent throughout the negotiations at Paris, and it has been apparent in all the international complications that have followed the Peace. The League gives international work to men of this temper: problem after problem is committed to them. We are thus getting an international bureaucracy which is already doing a great deal of quiet and useful work, and will be of incalculable service if ever we get Governments with international minds.

The second success from this point of view is more striking. The conservative and reactionary methods of the Governments chiefly responsible for the League have not succeeded in keeping men of independence and power out of the Assembly. Lord Robert Cecil, Professor Gilbert Murray, Dr. Nansen, M. Motta, and Mr. Branting are among the leading influences in that body. They are able to give sincerity and seriousness to its discussions, and to keep before the mind of the world the standards of a different morality from that which has plunged Europe and kept Europe in her calamities and dangers. In respect of particular problems they are able to lead the world to solutions where the Allied Governments have been helpless. It is much too early yet to say that the problem of disarmament is solved, but Lord Robert Cecil has, at any rate, succeeded in placing this problem on a different basis from the dangerous basis of a special pact between the two chief European Powers on which it has hitherto been discussed by the Allied Governments. Mr. Lowes Dickinson states in the "Manchester Guardian" that public interest is growing, that Lord Robert Cecil is indefatigable in his efforts to secure assent to a reasonable scheme, and that France is evidently anxious for peace and security. It may be, of course, that all these hopes will collapse and the old spirit of intrigue and mischief prove too strong. But it is perfectly plain that it is much easier to secure a good atmosphere in the League than in the Supreme Council, and that there is alive and active in the Assembly a spirit of sincerity which has an effect even on Governments. But we do not think that the value of the work of men like Lord Robert Cecil and Dr. Nansen ends there. They are seeking to create and mobilize a moral opinion which can act as a rival to the selfishness and ambition of the Great Powers. The League of Nations is not merely another aspect of the Supreme Council. For there is this important difference, that it contains neutrals and ex-enemy States, and that—thanks, it is true, to an accident—it contains Englishmen whom the British Government have no desire to see or hear at Geneva or anywhere else. From this material a few men who have made themselves the leaders of an honest movement for the political regeneration of Europe are trying to create a new power in the world, a power which will shame Governments into decency and help to rally liberal and humane opinion.

As the Supreme Council falls into greater and greater discredit, the League of Nations must rise in authority and esteem. More and more the world looks from the one to the other. "Yes," replies the pessimist, "and as soon as power passes from the Supreme Council to the League, the men who have their hands on the Supreme Council will place their hands on the League." No doubt they will attempt to do so. But the task will be difficult. If the best men in the League receive support and help, they may make it impossible. English opinion, we believe, is ready now for a Govern-

ment that means well by the League; once French fear is disarmed, French opinion may take a new turn. Of course, it is possible that Mr. Lloyd George and M. Poincaré between them will bring Europe down before this education is complete. But this at least seems clear. The League, with all its deficiencies and disadvantages, offers us one method of giving power and system to international conscience and international reason in a world where, for good or for evil, every Government is now in a sense an international Government. To appreciate its possibilities we have only to ask ourselves how much a British Government that was in earnest could do for the League, or how much the League could do for such a Government.

### BLOWING THE GAFF ON THE LANDLORDS.

LORD BLEDISLOE, better known for many years in the House of Commons as Mr. Charles Bathurst, is an enlightened landowner who has always discussed agricultural topics in a spirit of sad sincerity. His erudite sermons thereon were not greatly enjoyed in that House, perhaps because, while boring those members who neither knew nor cared anything about rural and agricultural questions, they at the same time failed to enchant Tory landowners, because, like that Hebrew prophet of whom King Ahab thought so poorly, he did not prophesy good concerning them, but evil, not flattering their illusion that the British squirearchy was a God-ordained and automatically beneficent institution essential to the greatness, prosperity, and glory of England.

On the platform of the British Association last week he spoke more plainly than ever, accusing rural landowners of being for the most part mere receivers of rent, except for some few amateurs of extravagant hobbies, or breeders of pedigree herds fetching fancy prices from similar amateurs or in foreign markets, but being of very little utility to the average working farmer. Lord Bledisloe, therefore, being both what would be called, over the water, a genuine farming fan, and independent-minded enough to recognize, against the beliefs of his class, that a merely rent-receiving landlord is a parasite on national industry, and that such landlordism cannot hold out against the demand for land nationalization, boldly challenged landlords to prove that they have an organic and useful part to play in the economy of production, by making themselves expert directors and organizers of improved agriculture; in which activity, he believes, they can easily merit, as workers, a wage of management represented by the rents they now idly absorb, unearned. There is a fallacy in this programme which will be obvious to all clear-headed economists, but we may postpone for the moment exposing it.

This traitorous blowing the gaff about landlordism promptly brought down on his lordship's ingenuous head a caustic and indignant denunciation from Major Pretyman, M.P., the President of the Land Union. Major Pretyman probably knows as much as any man living about the practical economics of landlordism. Himself trained as a land agent and surveyor of land, he cherishes no pious illusions as to the personal utility of landlordism, either as it is or as Lord Bledisloe conceives it might be. Landlords, Lord Bledisloe pointedly included, Major Pretyman holds to have very fortunately abstained from meddling with farm-cultivation. Those who have aspired to be "agricultural supermen" have invariably, he alleges, failed to make both ends meet. Was he thinking, we wonder, of that loud fanfaronade blown a few years ago by a ducal landowner, proclaiming that he was going

to farm his palace park and the rest of his adjacent estates on the latest scientific lines, turn grass into arable and double the output? Whereupon he dismissed old tenants and set his agent and bailiffs to manage thousands of acres, which they did, indeed, very handsomely, for the agent was an enthusiast too, but with the financial result that his Grace has lately been selling off those farms as fast as he could, some being bought by their former tenants at no more than the cost of the buildings, others by the Government, for settling ex-soldiers, on uneconomic terms.

"Receivers of rent!" cries Major Pretyman. "The discussions on last year's Budget were quite sufficient to show that Parliament itself recognizes that landlords practically receive no rent at all," and he doubts "whether there is a single considerable agricultural estate in England from which its owner to-day receives any part of the rent whatever for his own personal use, after he has paid all national and local charges levied on the estate and defrayed the costs of management and maintenance, to say nothing of necessary improvements."

There may be some little exaggeration in this, for, after all, we do know of some landowners who manage to pay some part at least of the maintenance of themselves and their families out of what they receive in rent. But Major Pretyman, on his own standing ground, has sound justification for what he may be regarded as meaning. "My conception," he says, "of a landlord's duty is that he should provide the capital necessary for the standing equipment of the land, including the housing of the agricultural workers." . . . "Although there are, of course, exceptions, public opinion is agreed that landowners have honorably fulfilled this duty and have, by their sacrifices, enabled the land to be cultivated and food to be produced without the shelter of a protective tariff, such as has been found to be necessary in other lands where the landlord is absent." That is, Major Pretyman means, the landlord is not a holder of ground rents, but a financing capitalist, and it is beyond all question the fact that the farm houses, farm buildings, cottages, and other permanent improvements, for which landlords have paid, represent an outlay of capital a reasonable rate of interest on which would largely exceed the amount actually received under the title of Rent. Incidentally, it may be observed that the Socialist economists of the Fabian Society have always, on precisely these grounds, refused to regard agricultural land as a proper subject for nationalization in distinction from other forms of capital—no equitable or logical justification of such discrimination being practicable.

The "unearned income," as the Income Tax law termed it, obtainable by the letting of land or any other form of industrial capital, follows one law, whether it be called Rent or Interest, namely, that (however much may have been spent on the investment) the yield to the owner will be, in a competitive market, approximately the excess of value which average skill and industry can produce by the use of that land or capital, over what they can produce under the worst and most poorly equipped conditions in which they can earn their own average minimum wage. This excess the proprietor gets by virtue of his ownership alone, and not on account of any personal co-operation in the actual work of production; and this, whatever it is, whether a high or a low return on the amount sunk as investment, landlordism must continue to get, unearned as now, as rent, even though landlords should, as Lord Bledisloe desires, co-operate in production and add to their unearned rent the earnings of their intelligent direction. So far as the unearned rent goes they would remain as parasitic, and their position as precarious against nationalization, as Lord Bledisloe warns them is at present the case. That

is the fallacy of his programme. If, however, Major Pretyman's judgment, that the whole of such rent is already absorbed in taxation or expenses, is true, Single-Taxers are beating the air.

But what cold comfort it is that the President of the Land Union, after pulverizing the naïvetés of the Ex-President of the Landowners' Association, leaves to their common client, the rural landlord! The landlord, pleads the latter, might do something useful in return for his rent (not even claiming credit for all those social activities which are commonly pleaded as services rendered by him in virtue of his position!). "Pooh! pooh!" replies the former, "I've worked for him professionally, and I know him! For goodness' sake don't let him come round 'huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds' with scientific text-books and American tractors! Besides, the poor devil gets no rent as it is! No such luck! He is just a philanthropic investor of capital. It's only his money we want." Well! well! then, between these two pundits we now know where we are. We think we might have made a better apology, but that may be an illusion of inherited rural idealism. Lord Bledisloe and Major Pretyman presumably know their own clients' case. It comes to this—that the landlord can quite well be dispensed with and agriculture capitalized and financed like any other industry—and as, in fact, it increasingly is, by operators' own money, by borrowings on mortgage debenture, or joint-stock shareholding, with farmers or agents or managers working for the mortgagee or the company or—happy thought!—why not the State? At any rate, landlordism may well now be praying to be saved from its latest champions.

SYDNEY OLIVIER.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

"WATCH!" said Mr. Lloyd George to the lunching Nonconformists. "The earth is strewn with perils. The war-germ is abroad. Take it by the throat when it is about to get you. Put the explosives under lock and key, and especially put those who drop matches under lock and key." Well, I exhort the Nonconformists (having lunched) to take Mr. George at his word, the war-germ by the throat, and the hooligan who dropped the match in the powder-magazine to the nearest police station. If in this sanitary and preventive process 10, Downing Street is temporarily reduced to silence and inaction, Nonconformity will have "tholed" its conscience, which is something in this unmoral world. For I profess I remember nothing—no, not in Disraeli's hour—to touch the Jingoism of the Turkish manifesto. Here is the politician whose remaining energies were to be given to the cause of peace beating up the country, the Dominions, and any scraps of belligerency left alive in the lesser European Powers after their gruelling in the Great War, for a fight in which no British interest was involved, and no moral or political gain could be established. Not a soul outside the Downing Street circle was consulted. Neither Parliament nor public opinion was invoked. None of our Allies in the war, neither America, nor France, nor Italy (though two of them were sympathetic), was allowed a say in the matter. Neither the League of Nations, nor any kind of peaceful or arbitral judgment, was appealed to. A policy—the freedom of the Straits—was indeed alleged, to which it presently appeared that everybody (including the Turks) assented, and which in no case was imperilled. Mr. George sent round his

Fiery Cross as if he were the head of Clan Chattan rather than a leading voice in Christendom. I say such conduct is an outrage on humanity.

WHAT was the excuse? That there was a prospect of a Turkish return to Europe? If that be a true plea, no man is more responsible than Mr. Lloyd George. It is his blundering hand that has given force, and even a certain moral prestige, to the horde that destroyed East European civilization, and degraded and enfeebled the races which maintained it. The path of the Turk to Constantinople has simply been rolled out for him, and a chapter of European history written which cannot be erased. All there is now to hope for is to save as much as we can of the ransacked store of safeguards and guarantees. Constantinople might have been made a great international city. That dream is over. There might have been a just settlement of Thrace. That, again, the men and the ambitions of Versailles forbade. For want of a European Concert the only possible resort was to the Alliance. France was, as always, a difficult, and maybe a not too loyal member. The Greeks assert that she supplied both officers and munitions to the Kemalist armies. But America and Italy might have been relied on for moderate counsels, and, in any case, Kemal's levies could neither have crossed the Sea of Marmora nor carried war into Thrace without the sanction of the Western Allies or the consent of the British Fleet. As for the closing of the Straits, that is a bogey. The modest requirements of British trade in the Near East and in the Black Sea were never endangered.

WHERE, then, was the call for this wanton drum-beating? Where, in any case, was the need for action other than diplomatic, united, and European? Here are the nations, fresh from their cruel ordeal and bowed beneath an immense loss of energy and hope, feebly struggling to emerge from the tyranny of force. At Geneva and elsewhere the method of reason is being hammered out for them into something like a policy. Nevertheless this reckless tonguester summons them to a new conflict, inflamed by religion no less than by race rivalry and ambition. That is the measure of his devotion to world-peace. Politically, and looking at its effect on Imperial politics, the appeal to the Dominions was the greatest crime of all. There is a fund of sympathy and help in our oversea communities. But it is to be drawn on in measure and with care. The British statesman who resorts to it to back a defeated policy, or to bluff an opponent out of his advantage—as Mr. George has done—runs the risk of drying it up. It is clear that the Dominions were bewildered by the call, and that their public opinion was strongly divided. And their later qualifications—the appeal for information, and the request for a resort to the League of Nations—show that Mr. George will get no blank cheques for an enterprise in which it might be our fate to see the Colored Empire taking one side and the White Empire the other, with the entire Labor element declaring for neutrality. I should like to summon a ghostly council of what the Americans call “the fathers” for their judgment on Imperialism such as this.

No need to grope about for the authorship of the *pronunciamiento* of Saturday. The hand that wrote it and the mind that conceived it were Mr. Churchill's rather than Mr. George's. There is a kind of blatant literacy about Mr. Churchill to which Mr. Lloyd George's more primitive culture cannot aspire. Doubtless the two wits jumped together.

Churchill's eyes were on Gallipoli—as if there were not enough graves there!—George's on the blunder of the campaign in Asia Minor. But what a combination! And what a risk we have run of the ruin that springs from the incurable lightness of our governing men! When I read some Liberal papers, I feel astonished at their lack of mind, or even of average party sense, to divine, I will not say the turpitude of such conduct (for nowadays no one applies a moral, least of all a religious, measure to politics), but its depraved psychology, and its destruction of the Liberal and humane spirit.

HOWEVER, the Labor Party and Lord Grey have spoken for the country, and the war-policy, or the war-bluff, is definitely countered. The Government says it is “satisfied” with the country's response. If so, it is easily content. So far as I could see, nine Englishmen out of ten were hostile. The Workman and the City Man, the Intellectual and the Man in the Street, the Die-Hard and the Socialist, the Liberal and the Tory, the clubman and the young soldier of the Great War, had much the same thought and expressed it in much the same way. The mass of the Press was simply graded in differing degrees of opposition till it reached the out-and-out pacifism of the “Daily Mail” and the Rothermere Press. Well, I am grateful that the papers which have been the fuglemen of so many wars had the sense to stop this one—and I think England is grateful, too. The pro-Georgian wing of the Nonconformists were the chief danger to peace; but as they have betaken themselves to prayer, all may yet be well.

I AM not an habitual admirer of “Blackwood,” but the August number has a gem of the first water. This is the story by “Periscope” of the last days of Dublin Castle. It is a very intimate document, and therefore of much value to the historian of the last Irish rebellion. It is also a wonderful piece of literature. I have not the faintest idea who wrote it, but it must be a highly observant member of the Castle household, no less than a writer of singular *verve*, as well as of just and fine discernment. Sir Hamar Greenwood, indeed, is not so much drawn as executed; but the pictures of Sir John Anderson and Mr. Cope, and of their joint midwifery at the birth of the Irish Constitution, leave nothing to be desired in artistry, no less than in malice (in the French sense), while the warfare of Sinn Fein and of the Black-and-Tans is painted in strong and not unfair contrast.

I HAVE a great admiration for Miss Sybil Thorndike's art, but neither she nor the rest of our dramatic stars seem to remember the time of day, even in our London stageland. At least this was borne on me as I watched her at the New Theatre in Lady Bell's translation (a very good one) of Bataille's “The Scandal.” Here we were back to Sarah Bernhardt, back to hysteria, back to the nerve-wracked sinner, back to the made play with its Fytte I., Fytte II., Fytte III. Experience brings one a fearful prevision of these stage-crises, so that after half-an-hour's study of the structure of M. Bataille's ingenious confection, I could usually see a little beforehand when the next neurosis was due. This is the nerve-play all over; and it is what differentiates it in the mind of the lover of good drama from the soul-play. For the one development is mechanical, and therefore to be guessed; the other is spiritual, and, therefore, in the hands of a master, always fresh and unusual. Having been liberally brought up on the one, I cannot go back to the

other. As with the movement, so with the characters. What is the *interest* in a woman like Charlotte? She has had one love-affair with a sort of *tenore robusto*. Why should she not have another the next week with a *basso profondo*? Such instability is a theme for the dramatist? Yes. But it is not the lady's morals which are M. Bataille's theme, but her nerve-storms. These incidents Miss Thorndike exhibits quite wonderfully. She does study temperament, and can render the broken talk, the mental disconnection, the physical restlessness of a *détraquée*, as if they were part of her own personality, which is a great gift of illusion. But I do not feel this to be truly modern art, but rather something which an almost past tradition has left to us.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Vienna:—

"The International Summer School has now concluded its fortnight's course, and the whole meeting has been very successful. About fifty British students attended, chiefly connected with the London School of Economics, and there were a good many Austrians and Germans, with a few Italians and Indians besides. The extraordinary situation in the city and in Austria gave peculiar interest to the gathering on the political and economic side. The Professors at the University and the Directors of the great Museums and Galleries provided generous assistance, with free lectures on subjects of the highest immediate importance, and by conducting parties of students to the centres of artistic and historic interest. The lectures in German were well filled, and the lectures given by Englishmen in the late afternoons were crowded to overflowing, even the gangways being filled with listeners, who were attracted partly by the subjects, and still more by the opportunity of getting lessons in the unimaginable difficulty of English pronunciation."

I ACKNOWLEDGE with many thanks \$20 from "Anglo-American" for the Frankfort fund, which is now closed.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE CHESS MIND.

THE game of chess is something of a nuisance to the philosopher. What makes it a nuisance is the fact that it is only a game, unrelated to man's more "significant" activities, and yet mental ability, amounting to genius, may be displayed in it. It is embarrassing, to anyone who likes to systematize the world, to find a human faculty which is apparently as miraculous as the musical or mathematical faculty, and which is also so entirely purposeless. For chess is purely a game; it cannot be ranked among either the arts or the sciences. Both the arts and the sciences, in their different ways, illuminate experience; chess seems to be utterly without significance. And yet Paul Morphy, the greatest name in chess, was as indisputably a genius as was Mozart or Pascal. The compositions of the twelve-year-old Mozart are scarcely more wonderful manifestations of a rare and distinctive human faculty than are the games of the twelve-year-old Morphy.

We accept the mathematician just as we accept the musician. We believe him to be, not only a rare and wonderful, but a *valuable* creature. His preoccupations may be incomprehensible to us, but we subsidize him; we agree that no university is complete without him. Why? Is it because we believe that, however remote from our interest and understanding his work may be, it will somehow issue in results which affect us practically, that he will, however indirectly, increase our dividends? That is undoubtedly the reason why many manufacturers believe in technical education and support, amongst other

things, mathematical lectureships. But this line of argument will not carry us very far. Utilitarian arguments have never succeeded in explaining the conduct of man, and the past and present position accorded to mathematicians in our civilization is not accounted for by such considerations. We support mathematics, not for "its own sake," a phrase which has very little meaning, but because we are dimly aware that it plays an integral part in that progressive development of man, in the increase of his self-consciousness and the realization of his potentialities, to which we are all obscurely driven. We feel, although we may not be able to justify our feeling, that mathematics is significant to man's larger purposes, that it plays its necessary part in man's progress from the ape to what we hope he may one day reach. The purely "aesthetic" justification of mathematics would not account for the general esteem in which mathematicians are held. On this count the mathematician appeals to no wider nor more fervid audience than does the chess "master."

The altogether inferior position accorded to the great chess master, therefore, rests on the fact that chess is completely without significance; it really does exist for "its own sake." That is why the existence of a Paul Morphy is something of a mystery. If there is a distinctive chess faculty, then that faculty seems to be absolutely unique in its purposelessness. It is hard to believe that Nature has been so prodigal; it is hard to believe that she has created rare and exquisite minds specially adapted to the masterful shifting of pieces of wood over a board containing sixty-four squares. And yet if we try to relate the chess mind to other kinds of minds, to see it as a possibly lop-sided manifestation of "useful" faculties, we experience great difficulty in doing so. It is commonly asserted that the chess faculty is really a manifestation of the mathematical mind, but the evidence for this statement is not good. Mathematicians are not, as a class, exceptionally good chess players. Henri Poincaré, in fact, has written an essay to explain why he was such a bad chess player. On the other hand, a glance at the biographies of a number of chess masters shows that a fair proportion of them had studied mathematics, and that some of them were professional mathematicians. But a good deal of mathematics can be learned by people with no special mathematical faculty, provided they can really pay attention. Now, that the chess master has an immense capacity for attention is undoubtedly; he is notorious for his "concentration," which is, indeed, one of his essential qualities. There is no evidence which leads one to suppose that any other exceptional faculty need be invoked to account for the mathematical strain that one actually finds in chess masters. And many chess masters have shown a definite absence of mathematical ability; others, again, have shown a definite absence of almost all ability except the ability to play chess. But if it is hard to account for the chess faculty as the atrophy or perversion of something else, are we to escape the conclusion that it is a mere mental excrescence by saying that its right field of development has not yet been found? Is it possible that in some quite different sort of civilization the man who is at present a chess master could play a part whose usefulness would be commensurate with the rare and exquisite nature of his genius? Could any society have made Paul Morphy something other than a chess player?

As things are, the man who "lives for chess" seems to present as complete a spectacle as one could wish for of a wasted life. We can imagine this very fact proving a most potent attraction. No monastery provides a more complete escape from the world and its affairs than does

chess. The modern who wishes to flee the world may be advised to become a chess champion; in no other pursuit whatever will he be so entirely withdrawn from life. And even to those of us who are ordinary, inefficient amateurs, with no touch of that strange and miraculous special faculty, chess is not without its dangers. It is a game which can make all the demands of the most serious work. It provides an intellectual region which is a veritable little kingdom in itself. One can venture further and further into it; it grows ever more complex and fascinating; it has its own little history of "discovery"; it has its great names and brilliant epochs. Chess is at the same time utterly trivial and strangely satisfying. To a disillusioned but mentally active man it offers a complete escape and an active life.

In a generation like ours, therefore, chess may be a danger. The muddle of the real world does often seem quite hopeless. Why should we any longer be concerned with it? And yet we cannot simply stagnate. We turn from the latest inscrutable proceedings of our politicians to the column headed "Chess." Perhaps it is a sign of the times worth noting that these columns are now longer and more frequent, and that there has lately been a great increase in the demand for the pocket chess-board—that private solace and stimulus which is not so very different, probably, from the private brandy flask.

## Letters to the Editor.

### EUROPEAN STUDENT RELIEF.

SIR,—I notice that you have given in your columns publicity to an appeal for help on behalf of the students of Frankfort. From personal experience I know that no class of people are more in need of help, or more worth helping, than the students and professors of suffering Europe.

But why did you limit your appeal to Frankfort? There are about thirty-five Universities in Germany, and the European Student Relief has been organizing relief work among them all for the past two years. And not only in the Universities of Germany has the European Student Relief been working these two years, but also in Austria, in Poland, in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, the Baltic States; and this summer it has begun relief work in Russia.

The Central Office of the European Student Relief is in Geneva, and each country receiving relief is managed as to relief by a representative of the organization. This student relief work was started by the World's Student Christian Federation in July, 1920, but is now much wider than that Federation, because students of all beliefs and colors give their help.

Let me mention some of the principles of the European Student Relief.

1. "Relief shall be administered without regard to nationality, race, religion, or politics."

Anyone who knows the racial antagonisms of the Continent will realize that this principle has been an eye-opener to the students of all these countries. All the same, the local student committees themselves now understand and carry out this principle.

2. Important also is the centralization of all the resources gathered for this work of student relief. Geneva is the centre for Europe; Vienna is the centre for Austria; and it is understood throughout all the student relief committees in Austria that no separate or personal appeal on behalf of individual or college shall be sent abroad without the sanction of the Field Representative of the European Student Relief. Centralization makes efficiency possible. Every appeal, from no matter what country in Europe, ought to be referred to the European Student Relief for investigation.

3. The development in each relieved country of a student self-help organization has been ever a fundamental principle of the European Student Relief. As a result of its two years of work the European Student Relief has handed over its activities of buying and distributing of food, clothing, and other necessities to the student self-help organizations in the countries mentioned (except Russia). At the same time, the relief work now carried on by these student self-help organizations, or co-operatives, is still under the supervision and guidance of the European Student Relief leaders, whose business now is to see that the work is done efficiently and in a businesslike way. When the self-help organizations are able to stand wholly upon their own feet, then the European Student Relief becomes superfluous, its constructive work having been accomplished. If I had space enough I could say much more about the work and influence of the European Student Relief, and could quote commanding and grateful words from political and educational leaders in the countries of Central Europe.

On May 11th, 1922, the European Student Relief opened its kitchen for the first batch of 2,000 students to be fed in Russia. By this time about 15,000 students in Russian Universities are being kept alive by the single daily meal provided by the European Student Relief. One student can be given a meal a day for a month for 6s.; £3 will keep a student for ten months. The quota of the general European Student Relief budget for 1922-23 which has to be raised in Britain is £15,000. All cheques should be made payable to the Hon. Cecil Baring, c/o Universities Committee, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C. 2. (All information about the European Student Relief can be had from the Organizing Secretary for Britain, Miss Eleanor Iredale, at the same address.)

The near approach of the severe Russian winter makes the need for clothing for students and professors in Russia most acute. In the early summer when I visited the Universities on the Volga I myself saw how real this need for clothing was. Now it is desperate, and we appeal to those who can spare *wearable* clothing to send it to: Russian Famine Relief Fund Warehouse, 71, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E. 1, marked "Student Clothing."—Yours, &c.,

DONALD GRANT,  
Field Representative, European Student Relief  
for Austria.

### THE DANGER IN EGYPT.

SIR,—The situation in Egypt is undoubtedly grave. In addition to the general causes of unsettlement now affecting the whole of the Near East, there are special local reasons for the present strained position of affairs. Zaghloul is reported in ill-health, and the Egyptians, naturally, are exasperated by what they consider an outrage on their national dignity and an Independent Sovereign State. The explanation given by Lord Allenby in his Dispatch No. 11, last December, for his action against Zaghloul, to-day will no longer avail. The motive for this action against Zaghloul, leading to his eventual deportation, apparently was to prevent what is called the Adlyist "Party" from going to pieces, as they seemed doomed to do, and to persuade them "to join the Government"; for it appears that Sarwat, the Premier designate, was evidently not "able to collect a Ministry," while Zaghloul was sweeping everything before him in popular favor. "None but Zaghloulists," Lord Allenby observed in his Dispatch No. 17, "were elected for the Bar Council," and "this was generally and rightly regarded as an omen of a landslide in favor of Zaghloul."

The latest cables from Egypt to the British Press reveal the fact that the Adlyists are forming a "party" on their own, away from Sarwat and his Ministry—who are thus left without any Egyptian supporters, and are now shown to be dependent solely on British Martial Law.

The fact that the specific object for which Lord Allenby originally deported Zaghloul and colleagues has thus become impossible of attainment, should surely suggest to His Majesty's Government the absurdity of driving Egypt to exasperation over what is already a mere anachronism. It was, at best, a bad policy, and a hopeless one from the start,

when Lord Allenby deported the popular Egyptian leader Zaghloul in order to put the unpopular Tunisian Turco-Egyptian Pasha Sarwat in power. He is not wanted there by the Egyptians. Egypt wants Zaghloul, the man whom Lord Cromer picked out as "the most promising representative of sober Egyptian Nationalism."—Yours, &c.,

L. A. FANOUS.

#### THE MARIONETTE-THEATRE IN ITALY.

SIR,—In Mr. Osbert Sitwell's article "Puglia" (in your issue of the 16th inst.) a great, though doubtless unwitting, injustice has been committed; it should be corrected, for the honor of Italy and of the art of the marionette-theatre.

Mr. Sitwell says that this art "is now in a state of great decadence." Had he been present, as I was by great good fortune, at the Piccolo Theatre in Rome, on Holy Thursday of the present year of grace, he could never have written those words. It was the first night of a grand new spectacle, "The Sleeping Beauty"—the old tale very faithfully followed. Enthusiastically attended by all the knowingest of the knowing in Rome, it gained, and well deserved, a most notable success. Everything was of the most perfect: the words, the music, the designs (both of scenery and dresses—and of the "actors," too, for that matter), above all, the detail of the action, gloriously caricaturing Grand Opera and Russian Ballet by turns, yet individual to the last degree in its whimsical mixture of the comic and the romantic. Author, composer, and designer—I do not know who they were—had succeeded beyond all compare; the only performances I ever saw that came near this of the Piccolo Theatre in sheer all-round perfection were the "Beggar's Opera" and "Chauve-Souris"—but the Piccolo was the best.

I had a feeling that the actual manipulators—if that is the right term—of the marionettes were the same men whom I met at Palermo in 1913. I mean Mr. Festing-Jones's friends, the jolly round-about "Buffo" and his graver elder brother, whose courtesy supplied us then and there with the sight of many great marvels, notably of a specially interpolated Grand Combat in which the black-browed Orlando, after a long and even fight, swung his great sword round the entire stage and literally dissected his Turk opponent, whose two halves then accomplished their exit on both sides of the stage! I wish I could be sure of this identification; perhaps some other of your readers may be better instructed.

In its new garb of very modern music and highly up-to-date intellectuality generally, the marionette-theatre may seem, at first sight, to have lost that touch with Ancient Rome which endeared it to Mr. Sitwell. But I don't think it has; and I believe Lucilius and the other satirists of Old Rome would have recognized it as their distant offspring.—Yours, &c.,

MICHAEL HOLROYD.

#### REPARATIONS.

SIR,—In your issue of the 9th inst. you state that the general view of this question seems to be that before January "something may turn up." Some weeks ago in the columns of the "Times" and the "Westminster Gazette" I ventured to suggest that the best way to proceed with this problem was by way of an International Financial Commission. This suggestion has met with support in many quarters, and has been developed by the City Editor of the "Times" in a series of able articles which have recently been published in that journal. It has been suggested that the League of Nations should appoint such a Commission, and to that there can be no objection except the difficulty of securing American aid, which, for political reasons, objects to the name, although in favor of the principle.

I believe a new body with wide powers to investigate the whole question of debts, reparations, loans, credits, and currency would receive the consideration and respect of all the Powers interested in the matter. It, of course, would be open to any Power to reject or accept the report of such a body. Dr. Rathenau informed the writer that he did not believe Germany would object to some form of control of

her finance if a loan was forthcoming; and France, I believe, will see that this is the only way out of the tangle if she is to receive the reparations which are justly due to her. If you approve, may I ask for your powerful support?—Yours, &c.,

D. M. MASON.

#### "CONSCIENCE AND WAR."

SIR,—The reviewer of Mr. John William Graham's book "Conscription and Conscience" does not seem to understand the force behind the testimony of the religious "objector," and seems to imagine that the refusal of the political "objector" to accept the authority of the State to impose military service is stronger and more effective than that of the Christian, who has realized a state of life which makes it impossible for him to kill. This realization has nothing whatever to do with the opinions or questions of clergymen. It is not affected in any way by Churches or theologies: it is an expression of the power which is slowly but surely changing the world from a sphere of conflict to a sphere of co-operation and love; and it is alone completely logical.

To me it seems that the political "objector," earnest as was, and is, his intellectual attitude, is not on such safe ground in questioning the right of the State. As a matter of fact, the question he puts to the State is founded on the same moral and spiritual principle as actuates the religious testimony, only in the case of the political "objector" it is not so clearly realized. When one enters into nice and complicated arguments about the rights of the State, one soon comes on to very difficult and questionable ground. When one takes one's stand upon the principle that only by the expression of the law of love, in the fullest extent which is possible to us, can the world go forward, the issue is free from complications and the way much easier to see. The political "objection," so far from being the evidence of a "larger revolt," is but an indication that political action is becoming an increasingly conscious effort towards the realization of a transcendent moral principle.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD G. SMITH,  
Hon. Sec. League of Peace and Freedom.

#### "THE SUNDAY FACE."

SIR,—Surely the probable explanation of the Farnham and Berden Cottagers' Flower Show Rule quoted by Mr. P. Gee on September 2nd is that some of the local cottagers themselves object to working on Sunday, and therefore a rule has been made which places all competitors on the same level. Your correspondent does not seem to think it likely that any cottager would take this point of view, but I can assure him that I am personally acquainted with several who would absolutely refuse to do any work in their own—or anyone else's—garden on Sunday.—Yours, &c.,

MURIEL G. E. HARRIS.

Withyham, Sussex.

## Poetry.

#### OUR SUSSEX DOWNS.

My youth is gone—my youth that laughed and yawned  
In one sweet breath, and will not come again;  
And crumbs of wonder are my scanty fare,  
Snatched from the beauty on a hill or plain.  
So, as I look, I wonder if the land  
Has *breathed* those shadows in the waters blue!  
From all first sounds I half expect to hear,  
Not only echoes, but *their* echoes too.  
But when I see—the first time in my life—  
Our Sussex Downs, so mighty, strong and bare  
That many a wood of fifteen hundred trees  
Seems but a handful scattered lightly there—  
"What a great hour," think I, "halfway 'twixt Death  
And Youth that laughs and yawns in one short breath!"

W. H. DAVIES.

## The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

### THURSDAY.

THE Reparations situation has much improved as a result of the guaranteeing by the Reichsbank of the German Treasury Bills accepted by Belgium. This is a direct outcome of Herr Havenstein's visit to London last week, but it is not to be assumed that the Bank of England is doing any of the guaranteeing; it is rather a matter of co-operation between two central banking institutions. The arrangement has, naturally, had a beneficial effect upon the exchanges, which have improved all round after the set-back caused by the extraordinary developments of the Near Eastern crisis over the week-end. The City has shown a peculiar unanimity in its antipathy to the sword-rattling that has been going on, and when the tension was slightly relieved on Tuesday there was a marked change in the atmosphere. Prices in the Stock markets, which had been gradually falling back, rallied appreciably, and the feeling of nervousness was replaced by one of hopefulness. At times such as the present the London Stock Exchange is prone to rely on the Paris Bourse for a lead, and the rally here followed a similar movement in Paris. On Monday War Loan touched the lowest point of the month at 99*1*/<sub>2</sub>, but had recovered by Tuesday to 99*3*/<sub>4</sub>, and there were similar movements in other gilt-edged stocks. Home Rails have been fairly active, and Mexicans are better on the approval by the Mexican House of Representatives of the agreement for resumption of debt payments.

Monetary conditions have been easier, in spite of the repayment of the Government's debt to the Bank. It is suggested that the Government has been purchasing in advance National War Bonds maturing on the first of next month, of which the amount still outstanding is about £43 millions. This figure, it is expected, will be reduced by this process to some £30 millions, and, in addition, dividends on Government stocks due on October 1st will total about £30 millions. The market, therefore, naturally anticipates easy monetary conditions after the turn of the month. The banking figures for August are notable for a further substantial decline in the weekly average deposits, the fall of £41 millions following a decline of £26 millions in the previous month. Part of the reduction may be accounted for by a contraction in bankers' credits, loans and advances being £7 millions lower, while discounts were £28 millions lower.

### THE CHINESE DEFAULT.

Various interesting developments have recently taken place in connection with international finance in China. Last week Vickers, Ltd., announced that they had no sums on hand for the service of the coupon of the Chinese-Vickers Loan due on October 1st next, and that they had no information as to whether or not the funds will be provided by the Chinese Government. It was stated, however, that the Chinese Government were prepared to secure the Eight per cent. Sterling Ten-year Treasury Notes, 1925-29, on the proposed increase in the Maritime Customs duty from 5 to 7*1*/<sub>2</sub> per cent., which is now under consideration by an International Commission in China, but that the British Minister in Pekin was unable to recognize this proposed arrangement in view of the fact that the International Commission set up by the Washington Conference has not yet completed its investigation into the financial obligations of China. Then came the news that arrangements were being made for a short-term loan of some 10 million Mexican dollars to the Chinese Government from Chinese banks, secured on the unencumbered portion of the Russian Boxer Indemnity. A hitch, however, occurred, the Chinese bankers wishing to stipulate that the proceeds of the loan be used primarily to meet the obligations due to them. The Government then approached the foreign bankers, but the latter questioned China's right to pledge the Russian portion of the Boxer Indemnity. Now comes the report that negotiations have been proceeding for some months between the Chinese Government and "an important independent group outside

the Consortium" (which, I fancy, is not inexperienced in raising loans for China) for the provision of further finance to China on a basis that will recognize the obligation to holders of the Chinese-Vickers and Marconi Treasury bills and \$10 million American bills now in default. The Chinese Government is said to be "anxious to meet its obligations," and can offer as security the surpluses of the Maritime Customs dues and of the Salt Gabelle. The group in question is willing to contract for a loan secured upon the available surplus of these two revenues, provided that part of the proceeds of such a loan is used to adjust the position of the holders of the securities in default. The Chinese Government has offered to inscribe the bills in default on these surplus revenues, but has been impeded by the Consortium, which professed that this would be an infringement of their rights. Action by the Consortium is hindered, I gather, by the action of Japan. A somewhat similar position arose, it may be recalled, in 1912, when the Chinese Government, being unwilling to satisfy the demands of the Consortium, eventually arranged the loan for £5 millions known as the "Crisp Loan." It does not seem improbable that history will repeat itself.

### THE RUBBER PROBLEM.

At a further meeting of the committee appointed by the Colonial Secretary to investigate and report upon the present rubber situation in the British Colonies and Protectorates, held at the Colonial Office on Monday, the various aspects of a compulsory restriction policy were considered and reports discussed as to the support likely to be forthcoming from the producers not affected by compulsory restriction. The official announcement which followed the meeting adds that "it is understood that this class is increasing in number, and optimism as to a satisfactory arrangement being arrived at is gaining ground." The Chairman of the Committee, Sir James Stevenson, is apparently hopeful about the future of the rubber industry, but maintains that the Colonial Office has to take the long view, and must consider not only the relief which restriction might afford to rubber interests, but also its effects upon the future development of the rubber-producing Colonies. Last week a meeting was held in the Council Room of the Rubber Growers' Association to discuss a proposal, which emanates from America, to form an International Rubber Company on a large scale. The idea, apparently, is that while something in the neighborhood of £150 millions is invested in the industry, the latter could be stabilized by the formation of an international corporation with a capital of £50 millions. But while a great deal is heard at the moment of the possibilities of artificial control of the industry, it is perhaps overlooked that something approaching an equilibrium of supply and demand has established itself. The "Times" has this week produced figures to show that this is so and that stocks in this country are lower than they were twelve months ago, the revival of business in America having had a material effect.

### DUNLOP INQUIRY.

Shareholders in the Dunlop Rubber Co. have received a circular notifying them that the investigation into the circumstances which led up to the disclosure of a loss of some £8 millions in the accounts for the year 1920-21 has proceeded to a considerable length. Sir Arthur Whinney was appointed as investigator at the annual meeting in February last, with a committee to assist him consisting of Mr. J. M. Thomson, Sir Josiah Stamp, and Mr. F. Sobey. The directors have been advised by the investigator and the committee that in their opinion, if the wishes of the shareholders are to be carried out, it is necessary to strengthen the hands of the investigator so as to enable more evidence on oath to be taken and to give more extensive rights to call for the production of books and documents. The directors are in full agreement with the course suggested, and have signified their intention of supporting the necessary special resolution to be submitted at an extraordinary meeting to be held to-morrow.

L. J. R.



# THE ATHENÆUM

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By H. M. T. ....	823
SHORT STUDIES:— A Leopardi Pilgrimage. By L. C.-M. ....	824
REVIEWS:— Art and Genius in Shakespeare. By J. Middleton Murry ....	825
Mr. Maurice Baring ....	826
The Lord Mayor's Mansion ....	827
The Previous War in the East. Gorgeous India ....	828
REVIEWS (continued):— The Washington Adventure ... Some Essays in Reality ...	829 829
FOREIGN LITERATURE:— De Sanctis and Manzoni. By L. C.-M. ....	830
BOOKS IN BRIEF ...	831
FROM THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE	831
THE DRAMA:— Maternity. By D. L. M. ....	832
FORTHCOMING MEETINGS ...	834
THE WEEK'S BOOKS ...	834

## The World of Books.

A DAILY paper which ought certainly to get first news of such a matter, assures us that we are returning to the Victorian view of life. Whether this is the view one sees at times on samplers, the view which was all that was allowed to a creature long extinct, the "protected female," or whether it is the view of Huxley, or Martin Tupper's pleasing oleoscape, or Carlyle's view in lamp-black and lightning, or several others which reflection might suggest, the newspaper does not precisely say. But it gives a clue; and it seems we are going back, not to anything like Huxley, but to wool flowers, and of these the loveliest would resemble magenta dahlias. For the morning paper bases its discovery chiefly on the popularity of "This Freedom." We fear, too, the paper may be right, in a way, because the magenta dahlia, preferably in wool, is easily the favorite blossom of many estimable people, and always has been, and ever will be. It is a secret passion of theirs. It is possible that their delight in magenta wool is hereditary. Certainly it is lasting; and though lovers of a flower of this kind may long and shyly disguise their delight in it, and even show real pleasure in the native and spontaneous efforts of June, yet should the symbol of Victorian humbug be shown to them, then their eyes shine with a new and deeper transport.

\* \* \*

WHETHER "This Freedom" is really as widely popular as "If Winter Comes," or whether there are merely those who would desire for it the same popularity, it is not easy to say. But certainly the newspaper's discovery of a return to that bliss it calls "the hearth," but what many ex-soldiers call "the pig-sty," and medical officers of health "a breeding-ground of tuberculosis," may be a true and scientific analysis of the mass mind. There may be something in it. Certainly Mr. Hutchinson has stirred profoundly those deep and dark tides of treacle which lie hidden beneath all the superficialities of intelligence. There is no doubt about that. He has visibly conjured up what both mining engineers and psychologists know as "gushers." When such a hidden spring breaks the surface, and when it is so very sweet and viscid that the outflow is adhesive enough to pull the boots off the feet of investigators who paddle in it, then the honest man must own up, and at least admit the power of Mr. Hutchinson.

\* \* \*

It was Martin Tupper, another best-seller, who once indited the priceless words: "But the breeches of our desire are torn in the briars of suspicion." We would not willingly let those words die. We cannot disguise the

fact that such suspicious thorns have caused a regrettable accident to a desire of our own. We desired to believe that the responsibility for this daily paper's warm faith in a return to Victorian views round "the hearth" could be wholly attributed to Mr. Hutchinson. Evidently this is impossible. If there were no deep-seated springs of treacle it is clear that Mr. Hutchinson would be helpless. So we must believe that his literary magic has caused a local up-rush. This has broken through the superimposed and restraining intelligence, and submerged it; and there is naturally a cheerful disposition to assume that now the loved ones everywhere have taken the opportunity to get well smeared, happy and sticky.

\* \* \*

WE are not concerned in this with Mr. Hutchinson, however, nor much with those who, adorned with their chaplets of magenta wool, are strolling in tranquil joy through their Arcadia by the streams of molasses which flow for ever. Only let them bear Tupper in mind in their Arcadia, and keep their breeches out of those thorns of suspicion. The point is that humbug is not specifically a Victorian virtue at all, though it was certainly allowed then fuller and freer enjoyment, without mockery, than it will get now. During periods of public stress, when it is necessary to keep the mind alert to avoid accidents during the delirious cavorting of soldier-statesmen, the conditions are hardly suitable for the cultivation of wool flowers to their full beauty. And there are no easier victims for the predatory than the simple souls who have got sweet and sticky stuff rubbed even into their eyes and ears. Indeed, there is but one thing to be said in favor of glamorous and romantic sweetness: if rubbed into the hair it helps to keep the straws in place.

\* \* \*

THERE are not a few Victorian things to which we would fain see a return. Tupper was of that time, as Hutchinson is of ours. But Carlyle, too, was there. We would give something to-day for even a brief return of that giant, with his accustomed comment for general imbecility. A little of his thunder and lightning might cause some people to look up in interest and wonder from their contemplation of a vacuous and happy state which, if ever it was worth having, can have no being now, because, encouraged by their oblivious rapture, armed and active men have destroyed the possibility of such a paradise. Victorianism, if Huxley's clear thinking on the facts is to have a chief place in it, is something so attractive as to be most unlikely. But Tupper as a substitute! And yet we fear that it will be Tupper, and not Huxley. We must remember that Tupper was of the Charterhouse and Oxford, that his university awarded him the prize in a theological examination in which Gladstone had but second place, and that his attitude to life was so attractive, to the middle classes, that his sales went well over a million. His intelligence corresponded, it is evident, to the desires and culture of great villadom. Huxley's mind certainly did not. For villadom is light-shy; much more so than the slums. It instantly slinks away from knowledge just as do its Persian cats when a lively terrier intrudes. And it is there that Mr. Hutchinson is loved, for he tells it only what it wants to hear.

H. M. T.

## Short Studies.

### A LEOPARDI PILGRIMAGE.

RECANATI plays much the same part in the life of Leopardi that Haworth does in that of the Brontës, and a visit to it is almost as essential for a complete understanding of his work. There are only two places that influenced him as places—Recanati, where he was born, and Naples, where he died. It was not Florence or Bologna, but the friends he made in these cities, that gave them their value to him. Recanati formed the man and the poet, and as one gets out of the motor-diligence that brings one thither from Porto Recanati through Loreto, and up the long hill to the little town in the March of Ancona, the whole secret of Leopardi's poetry is revealed.

The magnificence of the view from the new coach road that runs under the old town walls in the evening sunlight is positively overpowering—a vast expanse of rich, rolling hill and valley, cultivated to the last inch, and stretching as far as the eye can reach to the distant Apennines. To the left, down in the plain towards Macerata, lies S. Leopardi, an estate of the Leopardi, which the family often visited, and where the poet wrote "*La Vita Solitaria*." The view rivals that of the Bay of Naples itself, while to the north the prospect towards Ancona, sheltering under Monte Conero, over more fertile valleys, with the blue Adriatic beyond, is only second to it. Here it was that Leopardi's passionate love for the beauty of nature was awakened. These are the scenes that form the background of so much of his work, the treasures he carried with him wherever he went, though, true to his classical training, he never does more than sketch in the leading features, considering that a detailed landscape is work for a painter, not for a poet. "When I behold Nature in these regions that really are beautiful, the one good thing of which my native town can boast," he wrote in a letter, "especially at this time of year (spring), I am so completely carried away that I should feel I were committing a mortal sin were I to remain indifferent to it."

On this new road is the "Colle de l'Infinito"—

"Sempre caro mi fu quest' ermo colle"—

which inspired the first, and one of the finest, of his idylls. The hill is no longer lonely, and the hedge that cut off the view has disappeared; indeed, the hill has been laid out with seats and paths, but it is still one of the best spots for enjoying the wonderful expanse of scenery that inspired the poem. Leopardi was fond of slipping out of the neighboring town gate to this deserted hill, which lies almost behind the old family mansion.

As you stroll further along the road, under the walls and the gardens, the windows of the houses towering high above you, and watch the girls walking arm in arm, four or five in a row, their hair done with exquisite neatness round a great silver pin—for this is now the evening promenade, a portion of it being called the "Viale del Passero Solitario," after Leopardi's poem—followed by similar strings of lads, since custom does not allow them to walk together, you soon realize that these are still the girls that flit through the "*Sera del Di di Festa*" and other poems and notes of their great fellow-townsman.

The moment we leave the view and turn down one of the short side-streets, we see the other side of the picture, the narrowness and pettiness of the little provincial town where Leopardi's lot was cast. It consists of one long, straggling street, opening round the market-square, a mile and a half in length. Even to-day it produces a sensation of confinement; and then there was no road round the walls. Leopardi was delicate and slightly hunchback, with a double curvature of the spine, and his sensitive, shrinking nature suffered cruelly when the boys shouted after him in the street. He even got it into his head that the Recanatesi disliked him because they thought he despised them.

To-day, however, one might say that there is nothing in Recanati but Leopardi, except, perhaps, Lorenzo Lotto's delightfully vigorous and realistic Annunciation

in the little Chiesa dei Mercanti, which is barred and locked like a safe in these days of promiscuous robbery. In the market-place are the not very satisfactory statue and the Municipio, a centenary offering to the poet, replacing the old Palazzo Comunale, where his father had refused to look out of the window when Napoleon rode through the town, not thinking that the scoundrel deserved such a compliment from a gentleman. The moment it is known that you have come to do honor to Leopardi, you will have the whole town at your feet, and your new friends will readily accompany you right across it to the spot under the walls where "pallone," a kind of "pelota," is still played. A victory by a local champion was celebrated in a well-known canzone of the poet in which he laments the decay of manly sports and physical vigor in his day.

At the end of the street, on the highest part of the town, are the mansions of the nobility, of which the Palazzo Leopardi is much the largest and most conspicuous, while a stone's throw away is the Palazzo Antici, the home of his mother's family. Here, of course, is the library, where Leopardi ruined his health irretrievably before he attained manhood by the insane overwork which made him one of the leading Greek scholars of his day, respected by Niebuhr and Cardinal Mai. The present Count follows family tradition in opening it to visitors. Except for the editions of the poet, there have been few accessions, and the eight rooms are virtually unchanged. Here are the well-known family portraits, and the heavy little table where the poet used to work in the window, gazing across the square at Silvia, the coachman's daughter, with whom, however, his love-making never went beyond nods and signals. Indeed, she lingered in his memory largely because she died young, a fate he always expected would be his own; and "*A Silvia*," perhaps the most perfect of all his poems, is really a poignant cry of regret for his lost youth, of which Silvia is the symbol. For Leopardi knew only too well that he had passed from youth to old age without the fruition of manhood, and that he was cut off for ever from the love of woman.

At first father and son worked happily in the library. But as the young man began to think for himself and develop views diametrically opposed to the rigid Catholicism and conservatism of his father, the position must have become intolerable, especially when aggravated by Giacomo's health. His relations with Recanati soon resolved themselves into a struggle to escape from the prison of his home. And this brought him into antagonism with his terrible mother, who sacrificed the happiness of the whole of her family in her determination to retrieve the fortunes of the house, which had been impaired by her husband's youthful extravagance and the French invasion. And it is pretty clear from his description of that mother of a family, known to be his own mother, who rejoiced at the death of a child because it would go straight to Paradise and cost her nothing to educate, who could not conceal her contempt for her husband when he mourned the loss, that Leopardi's reaction against the religion in which he was brought up was due not a little to the manifestation of it he saw in his home. This woman, he adds, was by nature highly sensitive. It was her religion that had made her what she was. What was this, after all, but sheer barbarity? And yet it was the logical consequence of her creed.

But when one has been shown through the library, with its many precious manuscripts of the poet, by the old steward, and listened to his memories of the poet's brother and sister, whose companionship was at first such a consolation to him, one realizes that it was, after all, his life here that made Leopardi what he was. His best poems were written in Recanati, with the exception of "*A Silvia*," which is, however, inspired by Recanati memories. It was at Recanati, where he had been happy as a child, that the contrast between the misery of life as he knew it and the high hopes of his youth, the poignant longing for the health and happiness he had lost for ever, which, with the beauties of nature, are the principal source of his inspiration, were always most keenly felt.

L. C.-M.

## Reviews.

## ART AND GENIUS IN SHAKESPEARE.

Character Problems in Shakespeare's Plays. By LEVIN L. SCHÜCKING. (Harrap. 10s. 6d.)

SHAKESPEARE is one of those central figures in the history of humanity in judging whom the generations themselves are judged. To have an attitude towards Shakespeare is to have an attitude towards life, and the quality of the one reflects the quality of the other. Hence the perennial interest of Shakespeare criticism. It does not depend upon the closer approach towards finality of judgment, for Shakespeare is of importance precisely because he repels all such finality. He changes quality and stature with every enlargement of our spiritual experience; all that we can apprehend, we apprehend in him.

Shakespeare is, in fact, a universe of experience which none of us can wholly master. As far as we can see no one (or, at least, no writer) since himself has mastered it again. From generation to generation the attempt is made to survey this universe. Convenient assumptions are made. We assume, for instance, Shakespeare the man, or Shakespeare the Elizabethan dramatist, or Shakespeare the playhouse hack, not really because these assumptions are truer than those which were formerly employed, but because they are more convenient; or, perhaps more truly, because they give us the sensation of being more convenient. To conceive Shakespeare as a popular dramatist gives us the illusion of having set limits to his scope; we are—to use a mathematical analogy—trying to persuade ourselves that reality is Euclidean, and, like the Euclidean geometers, we can reach valuable and interesting results thereby. So also, by conceiving Shakespeare as an artist in the nineteenth-century sense of the term, we may also reach interesting conclusions, as that "Hamlet" is a failure, or "Troilus" a mistake. But these conceptions of ours are nothing more than devices of method in order to triangulate a reality which, in our more clear-sighted moments, we recognize as incommensurable: Shakespeare the genius.

To insist upon genius in this early twentieth century sounds rather romantic. And yet, if we were to try to use the word "genius" as exactly as we can, we might reach a conception of literature more scientific (because more truly correspondent with the reality) than those which have lately ruled us; and we might even escape from that sterile controversy between the advocates of "art" and the advocates of "significance" in literature. We should, of course, immediately be driven to hold a semi-mystical language, but, seeing that the experience we receive from literature, which we reckon for this very reason as the highest, is of the kind we naturally call mystical, no charge of obscurity would lie. We might then identify the element of "art" in literature with those qualities which Pater roughly indicated as "qualities of the mind," qualities such as order and lucidity, of which our apprehension seems to be almost wholly intellectual; and the elements of genius would be those positive elements of which no intellectual apprehension seems to be possible, those things to which our souls strangely reverberate while our minds impotently wonder, glimpses of a world of experience which we cannot make our own, significances which seem to have no more than a faint and accidental relation to the thing said or the reality described, self-concealing revelations which we might be tempted to interpret as the utterance of a demigod who is used to another language and is yet condemned for a moment to use our own.

To this element of genius the element of art appears to stand in no necessary relation; and it will depend upon the constitution of a man which element he looks for most and values highest in literature. Englishmen as a rule hold the element of genius most precious, and they find it, above all, in Shakespeare. Thus their attitude to Shakespeare is largely predetermined; they are instinctively not indeed hostile, but disinclined to the historical method of approach. The question what Shakespeare, a somewhat discredited citizen of Elizabethan England faced with the practical problem of providing a troupe of actors with plays that would draw, really meant by his plays is for most of them almost an idle speculation; for they are perfectly prepared

to believe that he did not know what he meant—at least, in the sense in which Mr. Bernard Shaw knows what he means. If the average English lover of Shakespeare were pressed to declare the faith that was in him, it would run, we believe, rather like this. Shakespeare, he would admit, had to make a living; he had to produce plays that could be acted and would appeal to the taste of the ordinary inhabitant of London. So he never took the trouble to invent a plot; he definitely preferred to make use of a familiar story or a play that had already been successful. He did not even worry to recreate the whole of it, partly because he was aware of the danger of departing too far from tried and common ground, partly because it seemed to him unnecessary. The things which were urgent in his soul to be expressed would come out where they could, and by their own weight and quality they would dominate all the old and undigested elements. Contradictions of character, problems unresolved, were of small account. He did what he could with them.

There are, in consequence, plenty of character problems in Shakespeare. They are not, indeed, quite so numerous as Professor Schücking believes; but they are numerous enough. The point of Professor Schücking's book is to suggest that we should approach them as problems of Elizabethan dramatic technique. We should have regard to the bareness of the Elizabethan stage, and to the fact that it was visible from three sides. Dramatic illusion in the modern sense was hardly possible, and the Elizabethan drama was much more a drama of convention than the drama with which we are familiar. Thus a character's declaration of his own nature is to be taken at its face value; it is a label which has to supply the absence of adequate costume and explanatory programme. Further, a Shakespeare play is to be conceived as much more stringently self-sufficient than would be necessary to-day. The characters are what they appear to be, unless a definite, unmistakable hint is given that they are dissembling. Again, as a consequence of these principles, there is the increased likelihood that some of the problems presented by Shakespeare's characters are in fact quite insoluble, because they are produced by the unresolved conflict between Shakespeare's genius and the rather naïve dramatic convention to which he was bound. We can see the cause of the contradiction; but the contradiction remains. Above all, we must call to a halt the modern tendency (perhaps rather more old-fashioned than Professor Schücking imagines) to see in Shakespeare the perfect artist as well as the perfect genius; we must abandon the axiom that all Shakespeare's characters are homogeneous and all his plays internally harmonious.

So far, Professor Schücking's book is admirable. It is only when he begins to apply his salutary principles that we begin to wag our heads. Not only does he sometimes seem to be creating difficulties where none exist, as when he severely criticizes an imaginary contradiction between the character of Cleopatra in the first part of the play and her royal behavior at the end, but this excess of critical zeal seems symptomatic of an insensibility to Shakespeare's peculiar excellences. It is only possible to insist on Shakespeare's deficiencies as an artist by emphasizing his superabundance as a genius. For the total effect of Shakespeare is fixed; it is there, he produces it. If we wish to take away from him with the one hand we must restore with the other. Without this compensation our picture is distorted. This, we believe, is the reason why Professor Schücking, in spite of the pungency of his criticism of the transcendental interpreters of Shakespeare, English no less than German, nevertheless himself ends by giving the impression of a certain Germanic excessiveness. After all, we say to ourselves, "Antony and Cleopatra" does in fact appear a unity to us, and even in our most critical moments we are not troubled by a contradiction between Lady Macbeth's description of Macbeth's character—"What thou wouldst highly, That wouldst thou holily," &c.—and his subsequent acts. By making much of problems of which most of us are unconscious, Professor Schücking does less than justice to his own valuable ideas.

Still, it would be ungenerous not to acknowledge frankly that this is one of the most suggestive essays in Shakespeare criticism which have lately appeared. If we are to be precise, we should rank it almost exactly on a level with Mr. J. M. Robertson's recent book. Professor Schücking incidentally complains that English critics

unfairly neglect German work on Shakespeare; and certainly, if his own book were a fair sample, his complaint would be grounded. But we have a vivid memory of having lately forced our way through 500 pages of Herr Professor Brandl. Miss Winstanley of Aberystwyth was funny: Herr Brandl of Berlin was not—certainly not.

J. MIDDLETON MURRAY.

MR. MAURICE BARING.

**The Puppet-Show of Memory.** By MAURICE BARING. (Heinemann. 21s.)

ONCE or twice in reading this delightful book we were ungratefully aware of a critical and cold attitude towards the author. It puzzled, because there are few more likable persons in modern literature than Mr. Maurice Baring. In this he reminds one of Thackeray, or of Stevenson; he belongs to the authors who quickly establish a personal relationship with their readers, and often his work evokes far more pleasure than it would were it not for this aroma of a companionable personality. And then occasionally you are, as it were, just a little affronted—again, as one is sometimes by Thackeray or Stevenson. One has been on such good terms with the author that the sudden awareness of a lack of sympathy throws one into an unjust mood of depreciation. One feels let down; and, as is usually the case, it is one's own fault. From charming characteristics which are very definitely there one has assumed something bigger and deeper, assumed it with no real reason; and the discovery of its absence is such a shock that instead of blaming one's own hasty and inaccurate power of deduction, one blames Mr. Baring. An instance will best illustrate our meaning. Mr. Baring is describing his nursery days. "The nursery was inhabited by my brother Hugo and myself, our nurse, Milly, and two nurserymaids, Grace Hetherington and Annie. Grace was annexed by me; Annie by Hugo." Then after a few paragraphs describing the life which is only possible to the children of very wealthy people, he goes on:—

"Our London life followed the ritual, I suppose, of most nurseries. In the morning after our breakfast we went down, washed and scrubbed and starched, into the dining-room, where breakfast was at nine, and kissed our father before he drove to the City in a phaeton, and played at the end of the dining-room round a pedestalled bust of one of the Popes. Then a walk in the Park, and sometimes as a treat a walk in the streets, and possibly a visit to Cremer's, the toy-shop in Bond Street."

"Most nurseries"! Without any desire to be heavy about it, one is provoked to ask whether Mr. Baring has ever heard, not of Whitechapel, or Mile End, or Hoxton in those delectable 'seventies when he enjoyed the attentions of Milly and Grace, but of Hammersmith or Barnsbury, Canonbury or Highbury. It is, of course, only a slip. Mr. Baring knows quite well that in 1879 or so most houses in London had no nurseries—that children slept then as they sleep now, only at the cost of their parents' rest; and that most fathers did not go to the City or anywhere else in phaetons—but only a select few: a few how selected and by whom not all our social prophets have yet explained. No one would accuse Mr. Baring of being unsympathetic or out of touch with poor people, with working people. No: what we discovered in reading this book is that he has no imagination. He has sympathy, a very acute power of observation, kindness, tolerance, friendliness; but he is without that intuitive imagination which never forgets at what expense our pleasures and comforts are bought, which would have realized, at the very moment of writing the words, that the infant Maurice had had his Milly, his Grace, his pedestalled bust of the Pope, precisely because "most" houses were woefully without any approximation to those comfortable luxuries.

Once, however, we realize the lack of imagination in Mr. Baring, we can enjoy the qualities which he has in such abundance. He does not tell you about them. This autobiography must be one of the most modest that ever were written. You gather as you follow the author from England to France, from France to Germany, from Germany to Italy, from Italy to Scandinavia, and finally to Russia, that he must be a very remarkable linguist; but he does not tell you so, as some might, nor pepper his pages with foreign words and phrases. He is reticent enough, too, on his

achievements in literature—work which gives him a secure place in the tradition of the lighter essayists and dramatic interpreters; his gift has all the malice of parody combined with the sympathy of the scholar. He is far more communicative about his friends' exploits than his own, except when his were part of some historical affair, such as the Manchurian or Russo-Japanese War. At times he overdoes his air of the amateur ignoramus, and exasperates one slightly, as in the silly sentence when he says a friend reminds him of a portrait of Erasmus, "not that I ever saw one!" or makes one wish he had a better sense of proportion and of the real nature of interest, as when he tells us of his conversion in the brief sentence:—

"On the eve of Candlemas, 1909, I was received into the Catholic Church by Father Sebastian Bowden at the Brompton Oratory: the only action in my life I am quite sure I have never regretted."

He then proceeds to give a short résumé of Father Bowden's career, nothing about his own motives or desires.

The book, then, should be read not for any direct light it throws on Mr. Baring's character, but for its inimitable vignettes of a departed Victorian London, its glimpses at the town and country life of a rich Liberal peer, its fine and humorous sketches of a society which we are beginning to learn may have been funnier than ours, but was nobler, more amusing, and, in its way, more cultured. There are recollections of the theatre and the opera; there are recollections of those sallow 'nineties when Beardsley created the decadence. And when Mr. Baring begins his diplomatic career there are extraordinarily sympathetic accounts of foreign peoples, and of Englishmen in foreign countries. It is difficult to decide whether the gentle humor of his Berlin sketches or the sunny warmth of the pages describing Italy is the better. Certainly, it is difficult to beat his reconstruction of a Roman summer. No one who has known Rome at any time can be failed to be moved by the beauty of it:—

"I see . . . the Palatine by moonlight; the moon streaming on all the thousand fragments, and the few large plinths of the Forum; and Vernon Lee saying that *moonlight on the Palatine* sounded like a stage direction in a play of Shelley's; and I see the marbles colored like some pale sea-weed in Santa Maria in Cosmedin, and the peep at St. Peter's, through the keyhole of one of the college gardens, and the fountains in the moonlight on the top of the hill, as you drive from the station, the fountain of Trevi into which I threw a penny, wishing that I might come back to Rome, one day, but not as a diplomat; . . . and then the heat; and the great heat when the shutters were shut, and one stayed indoors all day; and the arrival of an Indian prince, whom we met in frock-coats, at six in the morning, at the railway station, and who turned out not to be a prince at all, but a man of inferior caste, and who drank far too much whisky, and far too little soda, in the Embassy Garden, and became painfully loud and familiar."

It is not perhaps surprising that a man who could make pictures like that left the diplomatic service. Mr. Baring became war correspondent in Manchuria for the "Morning Post," and afterwards in Russia; and in Russia he found a home which he has never forgotten, which he describes here once more with the same enthusiasm he has shown in many other books. The spaces of Russia, the people's extraordinary leisureliness, their fearlessness and candor, all appeal to Mr. Baring, who renders them in a way no other English author does. We do not think a better book of railway conversations can ever have been written than this. It does not rival Mark Twain, for Mr. Baring does not exaggerate his facts nor extenuate his own faults; and he gives one the impression of perfectly accurate reporting, and he has an amazing gift for hearing significant, almost symbolic, conversations. Here is a brief note of what he heard Russian soldiers say when proceeding to Manchuria:—

"One of them said the Japanese were a savage race, upon which the sailor who had been to Nagasaki cut him short by saying: 'They are a charming, clean people, much more cultivated than you and I.' One of the soldiers said it would have been a more sensible arrangement if the dispute had been settled by a single combat between Marquess Ito and Count Lamsdorff."

There are few better, more human and individual books about war than Mr. Baring's. He never forgets the personal note, the fact that soldiers are men, and that there is no such thing in a war as "troops" or "material." His book ends with the summer of 1914, when his epoch came to an end: it is not likely to have a better chronicler, or one of more varied experience than Mr. Maurice Baring.

## THE LORD MAYOR'S MANSION.

**The History of the Mansion House.** By SYDNEY PERKS.  
(Cambridge University Press. 35s.)

THERE can be little doubt that the Mansion House is the most famous private residence in the world. There are royal palaces which might surpass it in respect of fame, but they are few. It enshrines the traditions of the wealth of England and the greatness of the Lord Mayor which passed into European folk-lore so long ago that it is now impossible to remove them. The deference paid by modern Sovereigns and the Ministers of the day to a private citizen who may be uneducated and plebeian, who will return to his native obscurity with a baronetcy after his year's residence at the Mansion House has flashed by, no doubt has helped to invest this residence with a glamor which penetrates alike the remotest Scottish village and the most distant American settlement. Sir Richard Whittington and his cat, although they lived long before the Mansion House was built, when the Lord Mayors of London occupied their own houses in various parts of the City, give a perpetual romance to this edifice; while the large funds raised there for the relief of distress in various parts of the world have convinced the distant world that there is a benevolent Grand Vizier of the Sultan of England who, dwelling at his palace in London, dispenses out of his coffers these generous gifts.

The Mansion House, like the palaces of the Doges of Venice, is at once a residence, a court of justice, and a prison. The Doges have vanished, but the Mansion House remains to fill its three-fold function in our midst. It has stood there for more than a century and a half, and it has hitherto lacked an accurate and informed historian. It has found one who is both in Mr. Sydney Perks, who has the advantage of being Surveyor to the City Corporation, and able, therefore, to secure permission to search its records. It is, in consequence, the work of an F.R.I.B.A., which is to say that it is severely and architecturally accurate, but a little weak on the human side. For example, we have endless elevations, plans, maps, and prints, even a reproduction in facsimile of the summons to Mr. George Dance, the architect, to attend a meeting of the Mansion House Committee in March, 1770; but it was with great difficulty that this reviewer discovered one solitary line noting that in 1753 Sir Crisp Gascoyne, Lord Mayor, entered into residence there. A few details as to how Sir Crisp enjoyed his new residence would have been very welcome, and we cannot doubt that in the records which Mr. Perks has overhauled there must have been far more details of human interest than those which he has preserved. His merit is that so far as the actual building, its site, its construction, maintenance, and alteration, are concerned, he has provided us with an absolutely reliable guide, and he has done his work so well that we only regret he did not do more.

Most people are aware that the Mansion House stands on the site of the Stocks Market, a collection of shabby fish and meat stalls outside the Church of St. Mary Woolchurch Haw (destroyed in the Fire), and clustering round a stone market building which had stalls on the ground floor, and chambers reached by ladders, where the stall-holders, if they were bachelors, could sleep. Its principal distinction in its later years was the possession of a statue of Charles II., of Genoa marble, set up by Sir Robert Vyner, the famous Royalist, amid great rejoicings, on the King's birthday in 1672. This remarkable statue, which was of heroic size, was originally intended by its Italian artist to represent John Sobieski, King of Poland, who afterwards saved Vienna from the Turks. That hero was sculptured on horseback trampling underfoot a Turk. Sir Robert Vyner bought it in Leghorn, and had the head of Sobieski altered to represent Charles II., while that of the prostrate enemy had a few touches to suggest Cromwell. It was set up in the Stocks Market on a pedestal eighteen feet high, on a spot which is now covered by the portico of the Mansion House. When it was decided in 1737 to build the Mansion House, the pedestal and horse had to be disposed of, and offers were invited. Two citizens wanted the horse, but their best offer was £12. Then it was suggested that Mr. Vyner, M.P., a

descendant of Sir Robert, might take it, but he protested that the Corporation had accepted it as a permanent ornament, and that he would have nothing to do with taking it down or receiving it. The Corporation were not deterred from proceeding with the Mansion House, and the statue was taken down in 1738. It remained in some Corporation lumber-yard for forty years, when another Robert Vyner asked the Common Council to give it to him. With the same indifference that their successors in our own time gave away the historic stones of Temple Bar to Sir Henry Meux, the brewer, to provide a lodge-gate for his park at Theobalds, the Common Council agreed, and the statue was re-erected in Gaultby Park, Lincolnshire, and in 1883 was removed to Newby Hall, Ripon, where it still is. One may find many old statues which London has left derelict re-erected in the provinces, where they have no meaning and no historical roots. To name but one, in the gardens of a mansion just outside Hastings there stands a statue of Queen Anne, which formerly stood in front of St. Paul's.

It was on a site with these associations that the City Corporation decided to erect the permanent residence for the Lord Mayor. Mr. Perks traces it back to Roman times, when the Walbrook stream passed that way and left traces of its banks in the name of Barge Yard hard by. His account of the building of the Mansion House shows that the unreliability of estimates is no new complaint. Dance's estimate for his design, which was accepted, was £26,000; the Mansion House actually cost £52,000. But it certainly did no credit to the business talents usually associated with the citizens of London, for during the whole of its subsequent history large sums have been expended upon it at frequent intervals for repairs and reconstruction. This may perhaps be explained by the circumstance that aldermen and councillors enjoyed contracts for doing much of the work, but the fact remains that the first Lord Mayor who occupied it moved there in 1753, and in 1757 the floor of the Egyptian Hall—so called because it has nothing Egyptian about it—was in so bad a condition that £300 was spent on its repair. In 1789 it was the roof of this hall which was found to be in a "ruinous state," and a motion was actually carried in the Common Council, though not acted upon, that the building should be abandoned and a new Mansion House erected. Large sums were spent on this occasion, and in 1801 George Dance, jun., son and successor of the original architect, was submitting designs for "finishing the Saloon in a permanent way," at a cost of £340. Another blunder which must have wasted much money was the decision to construct stables and coach-house for the Lord Mayor's carriages in the building. These were built, but never used for their purpose, and converted to other uses.

Mr. Perks seeks to refute two charges made against the builders of the Mansion House, and he does so with partial success. One is the story that when the famous Earl of Burlington, patron of the arts, sent them a design by Palladio, the Common Councillors rejected it on the ground that Palladio was a foreigner and a Papist. To this Mr. Perks replies that he has examined the collection of Palladio's drawings and Lord Burlington's own designs exhibited by the Royal Institute of British Architects, and that none of them would have been suitable for the Mansion House. He further says that there is no record of such a design being submitted, or of such a debate, and that of the four architects invited to compete, Leoni was an Italian and James Gibbs was a Roman Catholic. This seems fairly conclusive, and the only point against it is that when the Earl of Burlington was invited to advise the Committee in 1744 on some carving, "he refused to intermeddle thereon," which suggests that he was displeased. The other statement which Mr. Perks challenges is that the Mansion House was built by the money extracted from rich Nonconformists by the iniquitous system of electing them to the office of sheriff, and then, when they were unable to take the oaths required by the Test and Corporation Acts, fining them for not serving the office. All he can do on this point is to quote Mr. Beaven that it is "a simple travesty of fact to assume that the persons fined were all Nonconformists." It would have been more useful if he had utilized the facilities of research at his disposal to discover how many of

those fined were Nonconformists. We know from Maitland that several Nonconformists were elected in this way, and the Corporation records would have given the total. It is certain that between 1730 and 1784 all fines imposed on persons refusing to serve the office of sheriff, usually £400 to £600, were ordered to be applied to the building of the Mansion House, and in 1736 these fines had amounted to £20,700, which was invested in the Three per Cents. Stories of religious persecution are apt to be exaggerated by sympathizers with the victims, but the financing of the erection of the Mansion House was not so free from religious intolerance as Mr. Perks, anxious for the past credit of the City Corporation, would have us believe. We may close by adding that this book only needs a companion volume, from Sir William Soulsby, on the personal life of the Mansion House.

#### THE PREVIOUS WAR IN THE EAST

**The Macedonian Campaign.** By LUIGI VILLARI. (Fisher Unwin. 25s.)

MR. VILLARI, heir to a notable name among historians, is already well known to English readers for his excellent books upon the Near East and the Caucasus, published before the war. The present volume more than maintains his reputation for accuracy, arrangement, and careful investigation. It has been translated from the Italian, presumably by himself, for he writes both languages with equal skill, and it was his knowledge of both languages, together with French and probably Greek and Serbian, that gave him the best opportunity for collecting his historic material. For the last two years of the war he was *liaison* officer between the Italian force in Macedonia and the British, French, and other contingents based on Salonica. He was thus more behind the scenes than even the best of the war correspondents can ever hope to be, and his information was more assured, especially as to the objects and difficulties of the various Staffs, which have so often to be distinguished from the visible results.

The book is, in fact, a complete history of the campaign as a whole, and there is no special insistence upon the Italian share in it, though the so-called Italian Division was little less than an army corps, or even an army. Though Mr. Villari was not present during the first year of the belated or crazy attempt of the Allies to rescue Serbia when the Bulgars had already penetrated her eastern flank, he has acquired knowledge of the events from General Petitti, the first of the Italian generals in the campaign. But even he, we think, was not personally present during those early months of mingled inactivity and disaster, when no one seemed to know what the objective of the campaign was to be, and all was chaos, waste, and jealous discrepancy in command. The present reviewer, who was there, can remember, in his experience of many wars, nothing more wretched than the conditions in Salonica for many months after the arrival of the French and British forces, and nothing more heartbreaking than the desperate efforts of General Philip Howell, Sir Bryan Mahon's Chief of Staff, and the only man there who knew the Balkans, to induce some sort of order out of the confusion, and to drive Sarrail, then Commander-in-Chief, into taking even the necessary steps for preserving the combined armies from destruction.

There we were, in the midst of a nominally neutral, but really intensely hostile, people, who collected in the neighborhood a considerable army of sorts. Only nationalist detestation of the Bulgars and the huckstering greed that prospered on swindling and robbing the English at every turn prevented the populace and the Greek Army from turning upon the Allies, admitting the enemy into the lines, and exterminating our whole force. Meantime, Sarrail, as Mr. Villari shows, was mainly engaged in political intrigues for a conspicuous personal future in France, or in other intrigues less reputable. The Greek Government, if not pro-German, was for neutrality, while the Greek people, never in the least anxious to fight, strongly objected to our

presence. Until strong measures were at last taken, the position was critical from day to day. For some months we were, in fact, a besieged garrison, with swarms of spies and an almost openly hostile army in our midst.

With a man like Sarrail nominally in command, the situation was almost hopeless, all the more, perhaps, because the British Commandant was nominally independent. Nor did the French officers think much more of their General than the other Allies thought. Many of his Staff had no qualifications beyond their political opinions, and, as Mr. Villari says, the great majority of officers were indignant that promotions were seldom given to the real fighters. He speaks very truly of the general culture and high intellectual level of the French officers themselves, though admitting that they had an exaggerated idea of the absolute superiority of the French over all other nations in everything, and they did not hide it. Of the British officers he writes:—

"In the conduct of operations they showed, if not genius —in this the French were very superior—considerable efficiency and a thoroughly practical spirit. The most complicated transactions were carried out with the utmost simplicity—a couple of telephone calls, the sending of two or three 'chits' (usually written in pencil), and the thing was done."

It sounds a little tantalizing to those whose experience of a British Staff has been different, but there the foreigner's verdict stands. It is even more satisfactory to read what he says about the British private:—

"British road discipline was always excellent, and blocks seldom occurred even along the most frequented roads and in moments of exceptionally heavy traffic. What greatly impressed the local population, accustomed through centuries to the passage of native or foreign armies, was the fact that this was the first war in which, as regards the British area, women could move about the country freely, without fear of being molested."

The whole book is full of points similarly interesting, especially, of course, to those who took part in the campaign. As to the final advance that cost the British troops so dear, and the ultimate headlong retreat of the Bulgarian Army, the present reviewer is glad to find that Mr. Villari claims our victory as the first breach made in the great fortress wall that the Central Powers had constructed around their frontiers. So soon as that breach was opened the end was close at hand.

#### GORGEOUS INDIA.

**The A B C of Indian Art.** By J. F. BLACKER. (Stanley Paul. 15s.)

In spite of our common ancestry, there seems to be a curious and deep-rooted lack of sympathy and understanding between ourselves and India. Setting aside national and political considerations, it is significant that, notwithstanding our long and intimate association with that country, for every person in England who is interested in the arts and crafts of India we find a dozen who know something of Chinese art, and fifty who can discuss that of Japan. There seems to be something actually repellent to the English mind in the luxuriance, the swarming richness, of Indian architecture and ornament. The Jain Temple at Gwalior and the Hindu Temple in the Black Town, Calcutta, illustrated by Mr. Blacker, beautiful and intricate as are their details, leave one with the impression of the work of giant insects, akin to the corals or the sponges, rather than of the deliberate structures of men.

There is no rest, no restraint, no sense of ordered growth in Indian ornament. Wherever the eye lights it finds a new stimulus, some suggestion of monstrous animal or vegetable life, till the thing becomes like a disordered dream in which the mind is hampered at every step by the material world and the concrete symbol. Even the gods of India are subject to this law. Their images must be deformed with clumsy material symbolism; they walk the world burdened with extra arms and legs and ears, with animals' heads and ghastly attributes. Nothing is simplified, nothing is abstract, nothing is left to the spiritual imagination. Is it

not, perhaps, the reaction from this obsession of the real world that drives the Indian mystic to cut loose from it altogether, to regard it as the negation rather than, as we do, as the expression of God?

The legendary gorgeousness of the East, although it stirs our imagination and our romance, does it perhaps through its very fundamental strangeness, its unchangeable foreignness. Chinese and Japanese art both have familiar qualities; they seem to be striving towards ideals recognizably like our own, though along other paths. The Indian mind, like the Jewish, seems to see a different beauty and to press towards a different desire. There must be a great power in the simplicity and strength of our English Bible for it to reconcile the mind of the dying English laborer to that dizzying flight from Widger's Cottages, Coldhays-on-the-Moor, to the Oriental dream of Heaven, all gold and jewels and noise.

It is in such things as jewellery and personal ornaments—embroideries, carpets, and woven stuffs—that Indian art seems, from the Western standpoint, to excel. Richness and elaboration find here their fitting place; they cannot be used in great masses without loss of breadth and dignity. They are apt, taken in bulk, to affect us like a medieval banquet—every course of forty dishes and every dish highly spiced. Any one dish by itself might (though contemporary records make us doubt it) be delicious. Indian enamels, gold and silver work, damascening and inlay in iron and steel, gold and silver, and marvellous work in precious stones have probably never been surpassed. The accounts of the treasures of the Mogul Emperors leave one amazed at the skill of the artificer and the lavishness of the ruler.

To this treasure-house of the East Mr. Blacker undertakes to guide us. And it is sad to find how dull he sets about it. His book reads like a patchwork of pieces taken from text-books of history and mythology, with slabs of guide-book here and there. It is loosely joined together by original matter which attempts picturesqueness of style and only achieves "fine writing." This is helped out by long quotations from the "Times" of 1851 and the works of various travellers. But we must not repine. We should, indeed, rather be grateful that so much of the book is clearly derived from excellent authorities and specialists who know their jobs.

#### THE WASHINGTON ADVENTURE.

**The Great Adventure at Washington.** By MARK SULLIVAN. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

The story of the Washington Conference has, *pace* Mr. Mark Sullivan, yet to be written. Some millions of words have been lavished on the Conference in newspapers and reviews, and one or two of the journalists, or journalists *pro hac vice* like Mr. Wells, have republished their articles in permanent form. Mr. Sullivan might have been well advised to do the same. He might, equally, have been well advised to sit down and write a book containing as little reference as might be to his articles. What he certainly was not well advised to do was to mix the two methods, for the result is a volume that has all the defects attaching to the evanescent impressions of the moment, with no adequately compensating virtues (again *pace* Mr. Sullivan, who repeatedly explains that he is resurrecting his old articles for the sake of vividness) of immediacy and vitality. A straightforward story of the Washington Conference by Mr. Mark Sullivan would have been well worth reading. A story broken up on every page by quotations from Mr. Sullivan's notes or Mr. Sullivan's articles or someone else's articles, and chequered by such devices as a parenthesis of rather over a page with a footnote of another half-page (in small type) tacked on at the end, has the effect of irritating much more than it edifies.

Apart from questions of form and style, Mr. Sullivan tells clearly enough, and with no very serious omissions, what happened at Washington. He has, curiously enough, said nothing at all about the "Captain Castex" controversy that caused so much acrimonious discussion here and at Paris; but no doubt Washington took that rather over-emphasized

episode a good deal more phlegmatically than Europe. It had, at any rate, no Mr. Wickham Steed to fan the flames.

On another aspect of the naval discussions Mr. Sullivan, like most of his countrymen at the time, shows a considerable misapprehension of the British attitude. He observes that "there was concern over the precise details of replacements of tonnage; as to whether Great Britain might not find herself, at the end of the ten-year holiday, not only with no modern ships, but with no shipyards equipped to build them—her yards, through lack of use, might become valueless." That suggests precisely the opposite of what the British delegation was aiming at. Its argument, abandoned because it was persistently misunderstood, was that the most effective way to restrict building was to restrict the facilities for building, and that if there was to be no replacement for ten years, all the yards would have to be kept open to cope with the rush of work at the end of that period, whereas if replacement at the rate of one ship a year were permitted, all the yards except one or two could be forthwith scrapped.

Mr. Sullivan writes with warm appreciation of Lord Balfour, but without giving the impression that he really understands that enigmatic character. His early judgment—"Balfour is a kind of intellectual lawyer for Lloyd George. He doesn't make British policy, nor even lead it. He takes it from Lloyd George"—he admits to have been ill-conceived; but he is still wrong in laying it down that "at the Washington Conference Mr. Balfour had an experience of exalted feeling which was unlike anything in his previous career." This is a very intelligible view; but in point of fact the change that has undoubtedly taken place in Lord Balfour was more manifest in Geneva in September, 1921, than it was at Washington in November.

But these criticisms do not gravely compromise the value of Mr. Sullivan's book. At any rate, he has produced the first relatively complete story of the Conference, and so much should be counted to him for righteousness. In particular, he has been able to include one important chapter based on the minutes (secret till some time after the Conference ended) of a session of the Commission on the Limitation of Armaments, in which M. Briand, with all the force of his eloquence, declared flatly that France would disarm only if and when America and Britain honored their undertaking to give her a guarantee of defence. It is well to have that episode on record.

#### SOME ESSAYS IN REALITY.

**Mary Lee.** By GROFFREY DENNIS. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)  
**The Voiceless Victims.** By GUY THORNE. (Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.)

**The Vision of Desire.** By MARGARET PEDLER. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)  
**The Flying Fifty-Five.** By EDGAR WALLACE. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

The one thing in "Mary Lee" we are quite certain about is that it was written by a woman. No man could have written it, any more than "Wuthering Heights," whose spirit it resembles. "Mary Lee" is, in the main, a diabolically graphic picture of the Plymouth Brethren in Devonshire, that land of opulent and in places almost Pantagruelian beauty, which in a fit of uproarious mirth produced—the Plymouth Brother and the Plymouth Sister. Mary Lee tells her own story, and so close and intimate is the detail, so personal and, indeed, feverish is the strange passion of the book, that if there are not large slices of autobiography in it we shall be much surprised. She is the daughter of a woman whose husband (a converted Brother) drove her into her grave with deliberate intention, and is brought up in the house of her grandmother (the only tolerable woman in the book, except Mary) and her great-aunt, the well-named Jael, a daughter of Israel, not Plymouth, whose religious savagery, allied to a demoniac power and even dignity, is well expressed by her knotted stick. In her teens Mary moves to the house of her Uncle Simeon, who murdered his brother for money, and in his horrible unctuousness is a kind of fierce caricature of Stiggins—Stiggins without the humanizing element of his drink, a Stiggins insane with cruelty and fear, whose mouth dribbles when he whips Mary into unconsciousness. The second part

of Mary's life is as a companion in an aristocratic French country house, riddled with intrigues, inanities, and vileness; but there is a marked deterioration in original force in this portion. The first three hundred pages (it is a long book) are the flower (deadly nightshade) of this extraordinary exposure and what will make a name for the author.

Mary's father spits in his wife's face the day of Mary's birth. Mary in due course takes revenge on Aunt Jael by mixing a cockroach with her tea, after which her aunt "belched as blandly as usual." The Brethren meet: "O 'ow I luv that word 'Im! O 'ow I luv that word 'Im! O the blessed thought, to dwell for ever in 'Im, and 'Im in us! Bewtiful! bewtiful! bewtiful! . . ." "Shakespeare!" exclaims one of the Sisters, "I'm surprised at 'ee 'avin the cheek to mention such a sinner's name in a Christian 'ouse, an' eathen play-actin' sinner, now wallerin' in everlastin' torment for his sins." When his wife goes out of the room Uncle Simeon, "with a cat-like speed," scrapes the butter off her bread and spreads it on his own. Mary herself says of Simeon: "As evil breeds always evil, his hate bred hate in me; a physical, unhealthy hate I feel to this day"—and this, in a way, is the keynote of the book. Whether the fury, Swift-like in its intensity, with which the author flogs this hideous society as pitilessly as Mary was flogged by Jael and Simeon, distorts the wonderfully vivid presentation of the Plymouth Brethren of the 'fifties and 'sixties of last century, is beyond our judgment. No records can ever give the inner history either of an individual or a society, and one has one's doubts whether the criticism of Dickens as a caricaturist is not sheer stupidity. The soul of man has heights and depths unknown to the historian, and the panorama of human life must always be to some extent a masquerade. But what we feel about Mary Lee's autobiography is that her soul has been incurably infected by her monstrous environment, that she is conscious of this, and that her dissection is in consequence both a symptom of the disease and its remedy. Poor Mary, we feel, in spite of the author's effort at the end, will never get the mud of Erebus off her feet. And this, in spite of much poetry and tender insight, gives this remarkable book an almost sinister power. It has many faults; it is shrouded in gloom and rocked in violence. But to compare it with the average novel would be merely silly; the latter simply do not exist beside it; while as for the Brethren. . . .

It is convenient to take "The Voiceless Victims" and "The Vision of Desire" together, since they both illustrate the same thing—what happens to the real when it comes into contact with the unreal. One's melancholy conclusion is that the noes have it, that the shadow overwhelms the substance, that the image of the bone in the water can go one better than the bone itself. In the former volume, for instance, Guy Thorne heroizes—an agitator against performing animals, and villainizes—an animal trainer. And he knows his business. One may compare the imaginary facts in "The Voiceless Victims" with the actual ones collected into the Blue Book issued after the sittings of the House of Commons' Select Committee, and find not only that the author's novelistic fancy has not run away with him, but that the data are practically the same. The worst of it is that any intelligent reader will be prone to think that an extravagant, machine-made story tallies with extravagant, machine-made fictions about performing animals. And the real thing—the abomination of performing animals—seems to become unreal by being precipitated into the cloud-cuckoo-land of the popular novel. That does not detract from Guy Thorne's credit in tackling a subject which demands wider sympathies, keener sensibility, and greater qualities than you find in the average novel, whether in theme or feeling. The subject of "The Vision of Desire" is the perversion of a man's soul into a scepticism of all good through his betrayal by a woman. Here is something real again, capable of genuine development and analysis. And it is all wasted, a little bottle of precious liquid poured away into an artificial lake of sentimentality, conventionally set.

Yet there is a word to be said for the popular novel, which the "intellectuals" fail to see. "The Flying Fifty-Five" is a good illustration. It is a racing novel, bare

of any pretensions whatever, except to tell an ingenious, go-ahead, readable story, with the usual love-sauce. But go-ahead is not go-as-you-please; and why should we not sometimes accept the pawns on the board, if they are well played? The "intellectual" insists that they are pawns; the less superior person is perhaps right when he says: "I know, but the play is worth watching."

## Foreign Literature.

### DE SANCTIS AND MANZONI.

**Manzoni: Studi e Lezioni.** By FRANCESCO DE SANCTIS. (Bari: Laterza. 12.50 lire.)

THIS is a book we are glad to have had the opportunity of reading for more than one reason. In the first place, it has served to impress upon us once again the supremacy of De Sanctis as a critic, even though much of it consists of nothing more than reprints of lecture notes from the columns of a newspaper. As is well known, Croce does not profess to do more than carry on his methods, and though, ultimately, it is the individuality of the critic rather than his methods that gives value to his work, it does not take long to realize that Croce's methods really are those of De Sanctis, who was already a perfect master of them. Moreover, De Sanctis is essentially the literary critic. His aesthetic philosophy is implicit. It does not obtrude itself in the technical philosophical terms which often make Croce difficult reading to those who have had no training in philosophy. Croce owes his fame as a literary critic in this country largely to his essay on Shakespeare, and it is probably too much to expect that even De Sanctis's great "History of Italian Literature" will be vouchsafed any of the crumbs of glory that may fall from the well-filled table of his brilliant disciple, except by those who can read it in Italian. But at least Dr. Rebora has recently edited two of his best essays for the Clarendon Press.

In the second place, De Sanctis's present volume has sent us back to Manzoni and reminded us how Italy, helpless and abandoned, found in Manzoni's Christian idealism, wedded to all that was best in the emancipating doctrines of the Revolution, not merely the symbol, but the inspiration of the revival. The "Inni Sacri" date from the fateful year 1815. To De Sanctis the story of Manzoni's artistic development is the story of the difficulties that beset him when trying to graft his ideals upon the historical themes he selected, and in this story one might, if somewhat fancifully, see a symbol of the difficulties of the times in which he lived.

Manzoni was not merely a creative artist, but a learned historian who made the most elaborate researches before undertaking his historical tragedies or the "Promessi Sposi." And it was in the conflict between these two sides of his mind that his difficulties arose. Yet, as always happens in the case of a true creative genius, his art triumphed over his learning every time, though the triumph was a sore trial to his critical and historical sense. Manzoni was a victim of the prevailing critical ideas of the day. He regarded art as imitation, or perhaps it would be truer to say as reproduction rather than imitation in the true Aristotelian sense of the term. There was no difference between the reality of Nature and the reality of Art. The real is what actually happens or exists, and it is the business of the artist to reproduce it, not to create an ideal world of his own, starting with the actual world of fact as a basis. This is how De Sanctis states the problem with which Manzoni was faced:—

"Since Manzoni made historical and natural reality the foundation of his art, he found himself faced by a great difficulty. What are we going to do with the ideal? He might have answered: 'All the worse for the ideal,' an answer which is the logical consequence of his system. But no. Art without an ideal seems to him absurd, and he tries to get out of the difficulty and save 'both goat and cabbages'—that is both the real and the ideal."

Manzoni's ideal is a religious and moral world of absolute perfection, quite outside the actual world of

history, in which it cannot hope to be realized. Nor would it satisfy him to let his art transform history and nature and bring them into harmony with his ideal, for what would then become of his positive reality? It is true that these critical theories had little effect on his art, but they explain why he was always dissatisfied with his work.

The problem of reconciling these two worlds faces him even in the "Cinque Maggio," the most spontaneous of Manzoni's lyrics, and the greatest of all the odes inspired by the death of Napoleon. The problem recurs in his tragedies. Manzoni will not embody his ideal world in historical characters. Such a falsification of history would be an outrage upon his conscience as a historian. He invariably chooses his subject in a period of violence—the Lombard conquest, or the age of the *condottieri*—and contrasts it with his ideal world of truth and justice, the moral and religious world of the "Inni Sacri," which he embodies in characters of his own, Marco in "Carmagnola," or Ermengarda and Adelchi in "Adelchi." Still better, he embodies it in the choruses, which are the mouthpiece of the poet and the chief beauties of these plays. To our mind, his failure as a tragic poet is due, not to the wrongness of his methods and his critical ideals, but to the fact that the drama was not his true medium. In "Adelchi" it is the beautiful Ermengarda chorus that stands out in one's memory, for it is in Ermengarda alone that his ideal is successfully realized. One cannot be seriously interested in the ineffectual, sensitive Adelchi, who can only talk, and is hopelessly dwarfed in the duel between the two great men of action, Charles and Desiderio.

Manzoni's success in his masterpiece, the "Promessi Sposi," was again due not to any deliberate choice of methods for expressing his ideal, but to the fact that in the historical novel he had at last found his true medium. Here there is no clashing between the real and the ideal world. In this novel he has created a world of his own. A true work of art, it is pervaded throughout by Manzoni's own moral and religious idealism. Though the whole story is built on the conflict between these two worlds, the real and the ideal, which are embodied more or less completely in two sets of characters, as De Sanctis shows in his masterly analysis of them, there is no artistic opposition between them, and the triumph of the ideal is the logical and inevitable outcome of the story. This success is due in no small degree to his choosing characters whose identity had not been definitely fixed by history, and keeping the results of his historical investigations, except in the case of S. Carlo Borromeo, who was a living embodiment of his religious ideals, as a background against which to set them. It is noticeable that his great masterpiece of character-drawing, Don Abbondio, so far from being an embodiment of his ideals, might almost be regarded as a caricature of them.

And yet the "Promessi Sposi" failed to satisfy Manzoni the critic, who had been worsted, as usual, by Manzoni the artist, because it did not observe the strict historical accuracy which he considered essential. And healthy though this insistence upon historical fact may have been as a reaction against the rather nebulous idealism of the earlier generation of poets, and as the first sign of the political realism which was so necessary for the success of the national movement, it led Manzoni to reject the historical novel as he had already rejected the historical tragedy. Ugo Foscolo, then an exile in London, was one of the first to protest against Manzoni's idolatry of truth to fact in his tragedies. Manzoni's purpose, like that of the Romantics generally, in turning from conventional classical subjects to the Middle and even the Dark Ages, was to arouse an interest in medieval history as a means of awakening the national consciousness.

For ourselves, we refuse to believe that the rejection of the historical novel by Manzoni has deprived us of a long series of masterpieces. He spent many years upon the "Promessi Sposi." Had he possessed the wealth of creative power of a Scott, his critical theories would have been as powerless to check his output as they were to control its form.

L. C.-M.

## Books in Brief.

**The Church in Madras.** By the Rev. FRANK PENNY. Vol. III. (Murray. 21s.)

THE last quarter-century of the East India Company's rule is covered in this concluding volume of Mr. Penny's history of the Anglican Church in Southern India. When the period opens, the Company had been forced by public opinion at home to abandon its old indifference to the religious needs of the English community. Church building was going on quite vigorously, and the missions were prospering. The Church of England in India was beginning to feel the pressure of many problems: for example, the anomalous position of the East India Company's chaplains, the question of banning or tolerating caste, the conflict between the Evangelicals and Sacramentalists. The Evangelicals had it all their own way till after the Mutiny. Before the making of the Suez Canal officers were in the habit of going to the Cape on short leave; hence a close ecclesiastical relationship between India and South Africa long since dissolved. Everyone who is acquainted with the extremest forms of Evangelicalism in England during Victorian times has observed the prominence of the Anglo-Indian officer among them. Mr. Penny notes, and laments, the phenomenon in Madras, with the tendency to rebel against Church authority and go off into all kinds of fancy beliefs. The greater part of this volume is taken up with a record of the churches in detail. The illustrations provide a painful lesson in English insularity. We see the stock-pattern church of the Company's Military Board giving way to distressing adventures in Victorian Gothic, with here and there a building that reveals some idea of adapting the bungalow style to the purposes of public worship.

\* \* \*

**Lone Swallows.** By HENRY WILLIAMSON. (Collins. 6s.)

THE matter of this book is almost as good as the way it is handled. Mr. Williamson writes admirably of soaring buzzards "controlling the winds of evening"; of another buzzard gliding down a hillside and picking up a snake—too much for it; of communistic martins building one another's nests; of an escaped canary received with deference by the sparrows as simple savages receive a white man; of the love-flights of peregrines, sweeping downwards at ninety miles an hour, beaks and wings touching; of the young cuckoo working southward on migration being fed by successive pairs of small birds in different areas (a remarkable discovery, though needing more data), and many other fine and exciting things. He defends the little owl, because of its selfless devotion to its young, and mourns the rapidly approaching extinction of the swallow, butchered twice a year on migration in South Europe and North Africa. Occasionally we may demur to a few of Mr. Williamson's conclusions: the barn owl is no longer commoner than the tawny, and swallows probably disappear on migration and then return, not on account of unfavorable conditions, but as a rehearsal. But these are trifles. We like least Mr. Williamson's fanciful tales and personifications; they are a little precious and prone to *simplesse*. But his elegiac feeling, retrospective musings, musical phrasing, and first-hand knowledge contrive to produce an unusually attractive book. Perhaps he has read Jefferies a little too attentively, for he shares his tendency to write upon a subject too discursively and without some central point of light to illuminate the whole.

## From the Publishers' Table.

THE Hogarth Press intend to publish in October "Jacob's Room," a novel by Mrs. Virginia Woolf; "The Dark," a translation of a remarkable story by Leonid Andreev, whose recognition in Russia has not been re-echoed here; and a translation of the Dostoevsky MSS. newly discovered and published by the Russian Government. These MSS. are a chapter omitted at an editor's wish from "The Possessed," and the elaborate plan for a novel which might

have been, "The Life of a Great Sinner." The version will be accompanied with notes upon the MSS. and points that arise.

THE poems of Wilfred Owen, published in America by Huebsch, appear in the selection of "Best Books" for 1921 just made by the New York State Library.

MR. S. M. ELLIS, memorialist of Ainsworth and Meredith, has edited and annotated the letters and memoirs of Sir William Hardman, 1859-1863. At that period Hardman (who later on edited the "Morning Post") was living in London, and his record of affairs now fading from memory was based on natural talent and intimate opportunity. The volume, "A Mid-Victorian Pepys," will be issued by Mr. Cecil Palmer.

THE "Bookman's Journal," a miscellany which admirably prolongs the traditions of bibliophilist periodicals in England, has begun a monthly analysis of the demands for first editions of our modern writers. The first two tables have shown Mr. W. H. Hudson's following among collectors to be considerably larger than his nearest rival's. A "Bibliography" of this author of many books is to be published shortly at the offices of the "Bookman's Journal."

By the death of another great veteran, T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, we are deprived of memoirs which would undoubtedly have been most valuable. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, besides his association with Morris and that circle, had come into contact with almost every notable man of letters of his day. We believe that he had been urged to write his reminiscences, but the task of recounting the story of sixty years must have seemed to him, and rightly, beyond his failing health. It is to be hoped that, however inadequate a substitute for his autobiography, an account of his life and circle will be duly written by a competent hand.

THE researches of Professor F. S. Boas, which have provided material for Shakespearian sidelights in several periodicals, will also provide a separate volume entitled "Shakespeare and the Universities, and other Studies in Elizabethan Dramatic History." It will incorporate his contributions to journals and other material; and one of his views will support Mr. Pollard's theory of Shakespeare's MSS. and the printed texts. The Shakespeare Head Press (Mr. Blackwell) will issue this book.

"I CAN Remember Louis Stevenson" is to be published not, as was stated, by Mr. William Brown, but by Messrs. W. & R. Chambers. "The idea of the volume," Miss Rosaline Masson writes, "is my own, and I am editing it in the hope that the proceeds of the book, which are to go to the Robert Louis Stevenson Club, will aid the Club's valuable work of collecting Stevensoniana for the house in Edinburgh in which Stevenson was born, which is now the property of the Club."

MR. W. G. WHITE, it is said, is the first white man to have lived among the inhabitants of the Mergui Archipelago and to have spoken their tongue; indeed, until he supplied it, their language had no known script. The experiences of this pioneer have led him to write "The Sea Gypsies of Malaya," a book which will be published immediately, with many illustrations, by Messrs. Seeley & Service.

THE 74th Annual Report of the Moon Society, the object of which is "to emboss and circulate books in Moon type for the blind," shows that in the twelve months ending March 31st last 3,402 bound volumes of Moon were published and 4,344 magazines, &c. The Council lay stress upon the great falling off, consequent upon the decline of funds, that these numbers show. This Society is the only one in the world which prints books in Moon type. Its offices are at 104, Queen's Road, Brighton.

SEVERAL of the books used by Ainger in editing Lamb occur in Messrs. Dobell's 310th list. (A correspondent asks whether the three "Mr. H" playbills recently discovered and transferred to America for sale may not have been fac-

similes. We cannot say; the event will show.) To return to Messrs. Dobell's list, there are more than fifty of those old children's books, like the history of the virtuous and lamented Prince Lee Boo, "Dame Partlet's Farm," and Fenning's Spelling-book with its delectable cuts.

## The Drama.

### MATERNITY.

Kingsway Theatre: "I Serve." By Roland Pertwee.

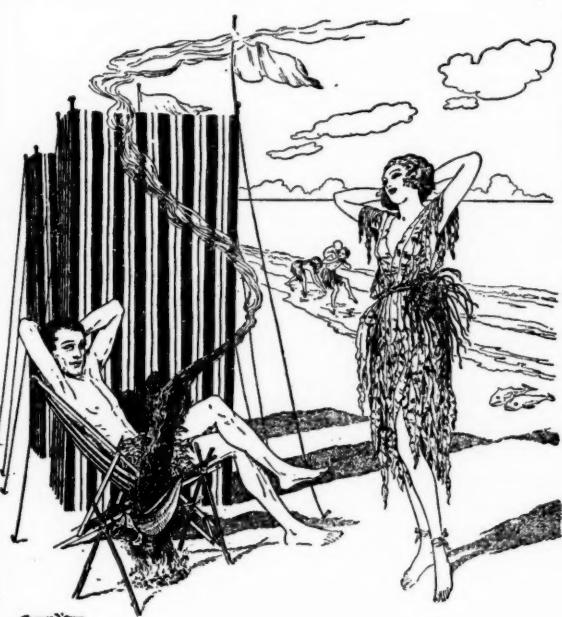
MR. ROLAND PERTWEE, we believe, is going to count for a good deal in the future. He will probably count both as actor and author, but certainly as author. Just before the outbreak of the Great War he produced at a special matinée in the Court Theatre a series of one-act plays (including a version of a Kipling story) which kept their place rather puzzlingly in the memories of those who saw them. The truth is that while they contained nothing strikingly original or profound, they were all written with a strong sense of dramatic effect and proportion. Mr. Pertwee (so one felt) was perfecting his instrument in preparation for the day when he should have some serious message to transmit by it. That day came when "I Serve" was given to the public. It is one of the most noteworthy plays by an English dramatist that have been seen since the war. It holds out a definite promise of what we most need, the raising of our theatre by our own native effort, without importations and adaptations from abroad.

In writing "I Serve," Mr. Pertwee has consciously or subconsciously gone back to the Greek conception of drama. The central theme of Greek drama is the struggle of human beings with a Fate that holds them in a grip against which they may wrestle, but which they can never finally elude. Mr. Hardy has renewed this idea in our day with a philosophic largeness and precision of his own. Perhaps it lies also at the root of Ibsen's work, though his Fate (if he believed in Fate) is a being far more mysteriously veiled than that of the Greeks. Mr. Pertwee has had the courage to take his own first steps along this road trodden by so much genius. He, too, has a conflict with Fate of which to tell, but he knows that Fate is now an obsolete notion, and that we scarcely believe in it more heartily than we do in the gods or the Erinnyses. The social psychologists have taught us to cross out "Fate" and write "instinct": the mysterious, binding forces from which we cannot escape are not without us, but deep in our own unconsciousness. Mr. Pertwee has selected one of these elemental forces for his drama: its name is Maternity.

Maternity has come to the fruition of power in Kate Harding, a kind of English Germinie Lacerteux, a servant with a secret life that burns with its own ardors behind the discreet veil of perfect attendance. Kate has had a son by Shirley Terrell, a man of gentle birth who has long since left her, in ignorance that he is a father. Henceforth Kate is absorbed, body and soul, in the duties of motherhood. They are exacting for her; they imply giving the boy, by hook or crook, such an education and start in life as will allow him to take his father's, not his mother's station. Kate must learn even the classics to help him to his schooling; she must devote to him every penny of a windfall of prize-money that has come to her; for his sake she must refuse to marry Tom Whiteley, a man of her own class who adores her and whom she adores. She herself has no desire to "rise" or "be raised." She is fundamentally just a jolly, vulgar girl of the people, with not a trace of yearning for refinement or culture. But that does not, in her eyes, affect her duty, the duty so exacting for her.

If it only ended here! But it may turn out exacting for others. Here is Terrell returned and anxious to marry Kate's own mistress, Elizabeth Raeburn. Kate "spots" her and Maternity forbids the banns. Relentlessly Kate puts him on one side: she may want him still. Here is poor Tom Whiteley back after working in the Colonies, to find that in the whirligig of fortune Kate has been enriched by an invention hit on in his last days

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*Flotsam and Jetsam*

## THE CAUSE OF ALL CURSES.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

**I**N the halcyon days of yore, before the world's political Humpy Dumpty sat on their European walls, the Income Tax demand merely caused an impatient, though contemptuous, shrug at the more or less peaceful breakfast table. To-day it unlooses a fury so hectic that it fosters mental apoplexy, ruins one's financial physique, creates cancerous thoughts, evolves new immoralities, and inspires an obscenity of language that would shock the most licentious poet of the Restoration period.

In the far-off days, before we won the "war to end wars" and national solvency, the peaceable West End citizen seldom troubled to enquire the price of his clothes. Now, prices have become a question of vital importance.

At dinner recently an American guest interrupted an asparagus finesse by asking, "When will the price of lounge suits be brought down to the pre-war level?" My reply was immediate: "When the National Debt is reduced from seven thousand odd millions to the pre-war seven hundred odd millions, and when the Governmental expenditure is reduced from £1,195,427,877 (1921-22) to the pre-war expenditure of £197,492,969 (1912-14)."

Every boy and girl in their teens at school, all those of the new and virile generation, should study politics and economics in self defence. The politics and economics of the past have been the root of most of the world's evils. It is because of the politico-economical ignorance and apathy of the majority that the politicians find it so easy to beguile by stupid parrot cries and impose taxation to its breaking-point.

Politics not only affect personal liberty, they affect the price of every single commodity essential to life. Observe the taxation, direct and indirect, on everything. Therefore, nauseating as it may be—and savoring as it does of the vivisection of rats—everyone should study present politics in order to demand that they be cleansed, and in order that we may compel economy in political circles.

\* \* \* \* \*

So far as the prices of this House are concerned, it is utterly impossible to make them less. They are reduced to a margin of profit as bare as the clothing of the ladies of the Boccaccian "Decameron Nights." Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s. Riding Breeches from £4 4s.

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P.963

by her father. Still no hope for him, for Kate has discovered (it is 1924) a Legitimation Act and is forcing Terrell by an appeal to his honor to marry her and give the child the name that is his due. Hapless Tom, hapless Terrell, hapless Elizabeth—Maternity has handcuffed all.

So far Mr. Pertwee has unrolled his plot with a wonderful naturalness. It has been objected to him that he has relied on "coincidences" and made unlikely things happen. But, as we remarked in speaking of "Widowers' Houses," it does not matter a scrap about such technicalities if the spirit of a play is faithful to reality. And in this, the only sense that matters, "I Serve" is a piece of realism. Its people are all real. Tom Whiteley, and Terrell, and Elizabeth Raeburn are real in their very colorlessness and banality; Kate is real in her vivid, gorgeous femininity. She necessarily holds their lot in her hands—ever since the night when she seduced Terrell, for so it obviously must have been—because she is the glowing focus of the life-force which flickers so palely in the souls of the others. At present Maternity inflames her. Once it was Sex—and if it should ever be the turn of Sex again, Tom Whiteley, for all his burly virility, is going to be astonished.

Will he have his chance? Not yet, for though he may make her swoon almost with desire when he exerts the attraction of his manhood upon her, he will never be strong enough to vanquish Maternity. Can he look for help elsewhere? Terrel, perhaps, will burst the withes of "honor," and marry at all costs Elizabeth, who loves him. But Elizabeth knows the facts at last, and will never be a blackleg. Unhesitatingly she turns down love and stands by the mother. It was when Mr. Pertwee correctly solved this crisis that we knew he was something more than a clever playwright.

In fact, so sure is he of himself that he can afford to play us a trick. For when a newspaper suddenly brought news that the youth who was the cause of all had perished in a sinking liner, we did dread that Mr. Pertwee was using his stage resourcefulness to bring about at once a dramatic and (we must call it) a happy ending. But Mr. Pertwee was in fact keeping in store (as Jove his lightning) a line not unworthy of Ibsen. "I'm sorry," says Kate, as she stands in the midst of the ruins through which her victims are to escape into the light—"I'm sorry I've been such a nuisance."

We believe that a character so clearly and fully conceived as Kate Harding would live and breathe whenever it was decently acted. But no doubt she gains an added richness from Miss Edith Evans's superb playing. One was not altogether prepared for it. Used as London audiences are to see her infusing life by her gifts of beauty and passion into the dead heroines and termagants of Romantic costume plays, many of their members were probably unprepared for such a minutely faithful piece of realism. When an actress can show you in Kate simultaneously the eternal, raging flames of womanhood and a housemaid whom you would not at all be surprised to find bringing in the teacups at the next real house you visited, that actress has done something to be proud about. In fact, though Miss Evans stands in the centre of an admirable cast, though Mr. Pertwee himself in his nervous style is excellent as Terrell, and Mr. Sam Livesey, who hands down the best traditions of the old school, could not be bettered as Tom Whiteley, yet her performance sweeps the board. You cannot remember the positive when you have seen the superlative.

D. L. M.

## Forthcoming Meetings.

Sun. 24. South Place Ethical Society, 11.—"Government by Public Opinion," Mr. J. A. Hobson.

Wed. 27. Kingsway Hall, 6.30.—"Literature and Daily Life," Dr. Arthur Compton-Rickett.

[The National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland is holding the Annual Meeting and Conference next week at Cambridge, under the presidency of Lady Frances Balfour. The special subject for discussion is "Women and International Life." Inquiries should be addressed to the Hon. Conference Secretary, Mrs. Hartree, Lythe, Newton Road, Cambridge.]

## The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

### SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

**Cohen (Jacques).** Social and Economic Values. Simpkin & Marshall, 3/6.

**\*Figgis (Darrell).** The Irish Constitution. Dublin, Mellifont Press, Kildare House, Westmoreland St., 2/6.

**India.** Co-operation and the Problem of Unemployment (Calcutta University Poverty Problem Study). Calcutta, "Capital," 1, Commercial Buildings, 6a.

**MacDonald (William).** Reconstruction in France. Macmillan, 10/-.

**Plucknett (Theodore F. T.).** Statutes and their Interpretation in the First Half of the Fourteenth Century (Cambridge Studies in Legal History). Cambridge Univ. Press, 20/-.

**Pollard (Capt. H. B. C.).** The Secret Societies of Ireland: their Rise and Progress. Philip Allan, 12/6.

**Portus (G. V.).** Marx and Modern Thought. Students' Ed. Sydney, W.E.A. of N.S.W. (W.E.A.), 16, Harpur St., W.C. 1, 3/6.

**\*Russell (Bertrand).** The Problem of China. Allen & Unwin, 7/6.

**Van Gelder (K.).** The Ideal Community: a Rational Solution of Economic Problems. Theosophical Publishing House, 1/6.

### NATURAL SCIENCE.

**British Association.** Fourth Report on Colloid Chemistry and its General and Industrial Applications. H.M.S.O., 5/6.

**Bull (Gerald).** Realms of Green. Simpkin & Marshall, 6/-.

**Shafter (Robert).** Progress and Science: Essays in Criticism. New Haven, Yale Univ. Press (Milford), 12/-.

### FINE ARTS.

**\*Borusto y Moret (A. de).** Goya as Portrait Painter. Tr. by Selwyn Brinton. 58 pl. Constable, 52/6.

**\*Henderson (D. L. K.).** Romney. II. (British Artists.) Philip Allan, 5/-.

**Plinter (Dr. Oskar).** Expressionism in Art: its Psychological and Biological Basis. Tr. by Barbara Low and M. A. Mügge. II. Kegan Paul, 6/6.

### GAMES AND SPORTS.

**Dalton (Basil).** Auction Bridge for Beginners. Grant Richards, 9d.

**Handley (L. de B.).** Swimming and Watermanship. II. Macmillan, 5/-.

**Schon (Leslie).** The Psychology of Golf. Methuen, 5/-.

### LITERATURE.

**Anderton (Basil).** Sketches from a Library Window. Cambridge, Heffer, 10/6.

**Browne (Edward G.).** A Supplementary Hand-List of the Muhammadan Manuscripts, including all those written in the Arabic Character, preserved in the Libraries of Cambridge University. Cambridge Univ. Press, 42/-.

**Dark (Sidney).** The New Reading Public: a Lecture. Allen & Unwin, 1/-.

**Eckersley (Arthur).** Odds and Ends of a Learned Clerk: Sketches and Plays. With an Appreciation by Sir Owen Seaman. Lane, 5/-.

**Frank (Waldo).** The New America. Introd. by Hugh Walpole. Cape, 7/6.

**Goldring (Douglas).** James Elroy Flecker: an Appreciation, with some Biographical Notes. II. Chapman & Hall, 7/6.

**MacKen (Arthur).** Far-Off Things. Secker, 7/6.

**Saint-Héme (V. de).** Pity, Punch, Pegeen, and Some Others: Tales of Men and Dogs. Tr. by M. M. Dublin, Thom (Mayfair Press, 15, Took's Court, E.C. 4), 4/-.

**Sheppard (J. T.).** The Pattern of the Iliad. Methuen, 7/6.

**\*Wicksteed (Philip M.).** From "Vita Nuova" to "Paradiso": Two Essays on the Vital Relations between Dante's Successive Works. Longmans, 5/-.

### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

**Burkitt (F. Crawford), tr.** Ecclesiastes. Rendered into English Verse. S.P.C.K., 1/6.

**Cruckshank (A. H.).** Massinger and "The Two Noble Kinsmen": Lecture. Oxford, Blackwell, 2/6.

**\*Herbert (A. P.).** "Tinker, Tailor": a Child's Guide to the Professions. II. by Geo. Morrow. Methuen, 3/6.

**Paul (Adol).** The Language of Birds: a Comedy. Tr. by A. Travers-Borgstrom. A. Montgomery, Whitehall House, 29, Charing Cross, S.W. 1, 2/6.

**Remington (Charles Stevens).** Nightshade. New York, the Author.

**\*Sheat of Greek Folk Songs.** Gleaned by an Old Philhellene. Introductory Note by Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco. Oxford, Blackwell, 5/-.

**Stopes (Charlotte Carmichael).** The Seventeenth-Century Accounts of the Masters of the Revels (Shakespeare Association Papers). Milford, 2/-.

### FICTION.

**Bonet (Stéphen).** The Beginning of Wisdom. Chapman & Dodd, 7/6.

**Cumberland (Gerald).** A Lover at Forty. Grant Richards, 7/6.

**\*D'Ors (Eugenio).** Oceanografía del Tatio: Historias de las Esparagueras. Madrid, Colección Contemporánea Calpe, 4ptas.

**Dutton (Charles J.).** Out of the Darkness. Lane, 7/6.

**Edginton (May).** Ladies Only. Duckworth, 7/6.

**Fletcher (J. S.).** The Mazarof Murder. Jenkins, 7/6.

**\*Garahan (Melbourne).** Ship Ahoy! Chatto & Windus, 7/6.

**Gille (Pernette).** The Law of the Male. Tr. from "Un Amour" (Les Fleurs de France, Vol. VI.). Philipot, 6/-.

**\*Hernández-Catá (Alfonso).** La Muerte Nueva. Madrid, Editorial Mundo Latino, Syntex.

**Hope (Elizabeth).** My Lady's Bargain. Nisbet, 7/6.

**Hopkins (Gerard).** An Unknown Quantity. Chatto & Windus, 7/6.

**\*Keable (Robert).** Peradventure, or, The Silence of God. Constable, 7/6.

**Lis (Jonas).** The Family at Gilje: a Domestic Story of the Forties. Tr. by S. Coffin Eastman. New York, American-Scandinavian Foundation (Milford), 11/-.

**Mailarne (Camilla).** The House of the Enemy. Tr. from "La Casa Seca" by Adeline. Cape, 6/-.

**Ostrander (Isabel).** How Many Cards? Hurst & Blackett, 7/6.

**Perrin (Alice).** The Mound. Methuen, 7/6.

**\*Proust (Marcel).** Swann's Way. Tr. by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. 2 vols. Chatto & Windus, 15/-.

**Rawlinson (Guy).** Knighton. Duckworth, 7/6.

**Reading (Calcott).** The Land of the Living. Parsons, 7/6.

**\*Rosner (Karl).** The King [The Kaiser]. Tr. by Agnes Blake. Introd. by Viscount Haldane. Methuen, 7/6.

**Talents (Stephen).** The Dancer; and other Tales. Constable, 7/6.

**Turner (J. Hastings).** The Cloak of Gold. Chapman & Hall, 7/6.

**Wilson (Harry L.).** Merton of the Movies. Lane, 7/6.

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